

WIRE

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HOT CHIP
GEORGE E LEWIS

Cath & Phil Tyler
Warrior Queen
Wooden Shjips



Vladislav Delay

What makes today's Techno so different,
so appealing?

THE WIRE JAN FEBRUARY 2006
ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC
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Vladislav Delay photographed by Neil von
Babcock

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For details of how to subscribe to *The Wire* turn to page 82 of this month's issue, or go to www.thewire.co.uk/subscribe



When you take out a print subscription to *The Wire*, not only do you get 12 issues of "the most essential music magazine of the contemporary era" (that's *Forced Exposure* saying that, not us), you also get yourself up to receive a series of FREE CDs that are specially produced for

The Wire and its subscribers, that are not available anywhere else, and many of which you wouldn't get if you got the right like magazine as a shop-bought treat in this series: *The Wire* Tapper 10! The next volume in our ongoing series of exclusive Nine Muses compilations. Cloning again with the April issue. See page 84 for more information on the entire *Wire* Tapper series.

Many of the previous CDs in this series, some of which are shown above, are still available to print subscribers with back issue orders: see page 84. Full track listings, plus audio samples, for all the available CDs in the series can be accessed at www.thewire.co.uk/subscribe

Letters

Write to: Letters, *The Wire*, 23 Jack's Place, 6 Corbet Place, London E1 6NN
fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011. email letters@thewire.co.uk



Release

(continued)

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Newspaper roundup

[illegible]

Frost. Another Pissed Icon and the usual suspects arrive for both a frustrating and rewarding read. The Top 50 [and the second goes to...] the suspense reimaged once. On other musical fronts, talking to Bruce G of NYC's Other Music was always an informative pleasure. Thanks to Steve D'Aprile's Babes Bartles for his series of surrealist portrait drawings that brought a thoughtful smile. David Lynch offered a philosophy lesson in the guise of a cooking lesson. My own imagined paintings and award projects kept me motivated, curious and excited. Project Akin's Mighty was a wonder-filled sequence [what's his name?], more Mayra Graeme Banche collaborations, the great Miley Gracey feature, Andrew Clark's compelling music and art, and revisiting Frederic Rowland's Coming Together after a space odyssey. Right about now's review of William S. Burroughs' 1967 and dark "new wings and late-in-life" burn!

Costs. Another year of the absurd and dangerous Rush/Cheney imperial presidency (speaking of costs) found me increasingly embarrassed to be an American. The Brooklyn reindeer/elephant huggerly (except for Al Gore) perpetrated by The White and others is named trust, baring and benefit of ideas. Watching my art students further descend into numbing iPod hell and knee-jerk conservatism left me feeling hopeless and hopeless. Lastly, the death of Barack Obama (I never saw him) still thrills me. I was barely involved in the American press. To me, peace seems a distant possibility.

John, I prefer a small

Question: What do The Week's 12 cover stories from 2007 all have in common with The Week's Top 50 Records Of The Year? **Answer:** None are of or by jazz musicians. The same could be said of the full-length articles in the January issue. I place my hope (without much confidence) that this does not show a trend for the magazine's future.

Michael Roberts Chicago

Just has always been, and always will be, a core part of TheWire's editorial remit. For instance, see recent features on *Stormy Daniels* and *Paul Ryan* – Ed

A couple of thoughts stuck in my mind while thinking about the fact that Derek Bailey's *Structures* was included in the *JazzTimes* 500 chart of the year. It's a great record of course, it looks fabulous and the sounds that come out of the speakers are just lovely. But I wonder if we're all still that fastidious about playing standard songs is what playing "the game" MEANT to players of Bailey's generation. I saw Keith Rowe describe his father doing much the same thing in one of his later solo gigs (Olivetti Jubilee, same house). Perhaps from a slightly earlier generation, I have, but with *Structures* for a witness.

I remember when I got my own archtop guitar, I took it to a player of the old school called Frank Henry to get it set up. He gave me a bowl of delicious homemade soup and an enormous glass of Fehulsky. I thought this was very hospitable at 10.30 in the morning.

He did the essential to the guitar then handed it to me and said, "Right there, son, play on a tune!" I backed my way through what ever standard was in my repertoire then. "That's very son. Now play us 'Gimme Boy'!" The result was neither satisfying nor extraordinary. He took the thing off me and played the song in faultless four-part harmony and neatly modulated into three or four keys of my choice. There are plenty of these players still around if you care to look them out.

I wonder if the mass Davey Graham and his followers (Bert Jansch, Martin Carthy, etc) made such an impact was the way they cut through all that smoothness right to the heart of a melody and reinstated the sound of steel strings on wood. Derek Bailey, of course, came to those sounds through another route. John Russell has his own very beautiful approach to the plectrum driven sitar that has its roots in this same style of playing.

These things go round... In a lot of Scottish folk groups you can hear the pgs, strathspeys and reels accompanied by the old Hat Clubbawing fiddle is the best from young guitar players who have been listening to another guitarist of Bailey's generation, the Shetlander Fenna's Willie Johnson.

We've had many death notices at The Wire lately, it's about time we had a birth notice for oncol. On 11 about 22 November 2000 the stork arrived with a baby boy for Onco Ambarchi and his wife Naomi. Onco's renewal and cultural production seems to be doing well.



John Coltrane in London, 1960

Seeing that Edwin Pouncey mentioned that he listened to unpalatable amounts of Black Metal last year (2007 Review: *The Wire* 267), I'm sure readers would be interested to know what his Top 10 Black Metal records were. If you could arrange for something of the kind to pop up somewhere, that would be much appreciated. It doesn't have to be big as in nine records occupying the top nine spots and then 51 records in a 51-way tie for tenth spot. Just a small list of ten records would do. (Your wish is our command) turn to page 28 for Edwin's Top 10 Black Metal releases of 2007. [Ed]

Also the same issue seems confused as to what the new Earth album will be. In *Bigstream* it's called *The Best Music Money in The Lord's Skull* and in another page (248) it is *The Best Music Money in The Lord's Skull*. I know there can do two things make honey, and with respect to doing things inside your skull, insert the BBC TV that then directs you to a secret cave located in the Americas; desert somewhere where you die and eventually re-emerge into a nuclear missile. Anyone who has seen David Blair's home movie *Wax, Or The Discovery Of Civilization Among The Stars* knows this. *Jennifer Rae* via email

Comfort yourself

Regarding Mark Fisher's review of my book, *No Wave* (Print Run, *The Wire* 263). While I'm glad he enjoyed the first chapter, his points about the rest of the book convinced me that either Fisher lacks a lack of "contingent enthusiasm", yet labels my book "face-academic". He calls it "dripy academic", yet "quite-academic". He cites "oligarchic scholarship", but also claims a lack of "detailed investigation of intellectual roots", suggesting the book could somehow be less academic had I delved further into Kantianism and Foucault.

Fisher's criticisms are mostly about what the book doesn't do, calling it "too narrowly musical", asking vaguely for "a more challenging approach", etc. Rather than address whether the book succeeds at its goal – to present an objective history of a musical movement – he fails it by failing to be a different book. That's a pretty impossible standard for any work to achieve.

More Masters via email

Touching on Trane

I appreciated reading David Kewen's review of Ben Ratliff's *Coltrane: The Story Of A Sound* (*The Wire* 267), and look forward to reading the book. I was disappointed, however, that while lauding the lack of a "truly great back-to-front biography" writes on John Coltrane's Kewen fails to mention Lewis Porter's 1998 book *John Coltrane: His Life And Music*. The research behind the book is impeccable, not shying away from controversial issues such as Coltrane's use of LSD, and the musical analysis is hugely rewarding. The exhaustive transcription and analysis of "Venice" from the late duets with Rashied Ali suggests that Coltrane was very far from being naive in his "attitude to sound-over-technique", at least with regard to his own playing, but Porter also takes Coltrane's music at each period in its own terms and doesn't attempt to judge the later music by inappropriate standards. Sure, Porter writes in a neutral style, but one that is refreshingly clear after the venal attempts to co-opt Coltrane for certain ratings from the *Rolling Stone* to the *Grammy* ended. Every time I reread the book I am returned to Coltrane's music with renewed enthusiasm and discover things I have previously missed, for my money, that is probably much the definition of a great musical biography. *Dominic Lush* Oxford, UK

Dots dashed

I wish I could say that Seth Tobie's review of the *Legendary Pink Dots* cassette anthology vinyl box set (*The Wire* 267) didn't hurt, but I would be lying. Writing it for our earliest, admittedly homemade, recordings as "Discotheque driven pop" was a statement as inaccurate as it was callous. That this was the first EVER review for a Pink Dots release in *The Wire* (I should have – I used to be a subscriber) was embarrassing. Just why focus upon recordings that were made 25 years ago? Keith's pretence of familiarity with The Dots releases over the years made this review even emptier. I'm not denying the value of a magazine like *The Wire* – the reviewer's quality as a journalist. I just suggest that you continue to leave the band alone as you have for the last 20-odd years. It's better that way. *Edward Ka-Spel* via email

It was a surprise to finally see a review of my favourite band, The *Legendary Pink Dots*, in *The Wire*. Actually, a bad surprise because nothing good was said. It's so unfair to the band, which has been in the music scene for more than 20 years and produced so many beautiful albums. They have never been mentioned in your magazine, and then when they were at last mentioned it was done as such in an apocryphal way. *Alexa Balkas* via email

Correction

Issue 267: In Chris Sharpe's electronics column review of *Sevens/Yasla* & Taylor Deupree's *The Strong Blowing*, the words featured were performed by Yasla, and not Deupree as stated.

Bitstream

News and more from under the radar

The **London Musicians' Collective**, which has been supporting free and improvised music in Britain for over 30 years and gave birth to *Racecourse FM* in 2001, has had its funding cut by Arts Council England. Its current salary is due to run out in April, although *Racecourse FM*'s funding is not affected. The LMC was founded in 1979, and has organised festivals, workshops and many other events in support of experimental music. Its highly eclectic range of activities, which include its Annual Festival of Experimental Music in London, have featured international artists ranging from John Luther and Pauline Oliveros through to David Byrne and King Harris to Pita Rebberg and Derek Bailey. The LMC, with numerous projects now facing closure, the LMC is asking supporters to email members of the Music department at Arts Council England (arts@ac.uk) to register their concern, copying their email to plea@racecoursefm.com. Emails of support received already from many artists can be viewed at bedfordnew.blogspot.com and more information can be found at www.lmc-uk.org.uk. See also Tony Harrison's *Mailbag* page 4.

Flourishing French sound poet **Henry Chopin** died on 3 January, aged 85. Chopin created numerous works using early tape recorders, multi-track technology and the manipulated sounds of the human voice. An instrumental figure in the French avant-garde, his publication of audio-visual magazines *Chapline Salome* and *OU* (co-edited in a box set on the Alga Marghera label) showcased works by Brian Eno, Willem S. Deurughe and many famous artists.

British percussionist and improviser **Steve Harris** died in the early hours of 11 January after a battle with liver cancer. He was 59. Born in Macclesfield, Harris started out in rock music, even auditioning at one point for T Rex. Becoming increasingly interested in jazz and improvisation, he worked with saxophonist Geoff Hains and joined *Philly Zoo* in the 60s. A physically commanding musician, he played with unexpected delicacy and gentleness in recent years. Harris founded his own ensemble ZALUM, its futurist-derived mark in an expression of Harris's conviction that the best descriptions of modern life called for a new cultural language. As well as Harris, the line-up was regularly supplemented by other performers including sound artist Adrian Newton. Their first three albums were reissued in remastered form shortly before Harris's death (see *The Boomerang* page 62).

The future of the **Red Rose Club**, a key site for London's improvising community in Finsbury Park, has been cast into doubt. After a recent change in ownership, the new proprietors have announced plans for redevelopment of the space, which has been home to numerous experimental music events and countless UK improvising recordings for more than 20 years. Many of its regular events, including *Back in Your Town*, *Mozambique*, *La Zed Improvisers Orchestra* and *Free Reddies*, are now seeking new venues.

Eastwick House **Wormsley** has been scheduled a sell-off performance at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall on 18 April. The trio, comprising Nigel Gauriel, Michael Rother and Klaus's Dieter Moebius and Hans-Joachim Roedelius, recently released a live document *Montepius Live 1982*, released in *The Wire* 264. Meanwhile, other events at the South Bank Centre this year will have a special emphasis on folk music, with a Pentangle concert in June, and a series of Red Folk Roots. New Roots started by Sheryl Collins. Also scheduled is Current 83. See *Arts and Pops* 136, www.southbankcentre.co.uk.



No British psych-folk & pioneers **Conas** have reformer for a festival this March supporting Scandinavian folk Metalers Opus. The line-up features all members who appeared on the legendary First Generation LP with the exception of Swedish folkie Rik Young, who now creates world-fight animations for a company called Realix. The Mellotron Festival takes place on a boat travelling between Stockholm and Helsinki, departing on 9 March. www.mellotronfestival.com, www.myspace.com/conasofficial

Irish label **Die Scheitel** has announced a new experimental music distribution and mail-order operation, called SoundChen. It will offer a large spectrum of "highly individualistic recordings, underground and even unclassifiable music." Their Website is due to go live soon. www.scheitel.com

Publishing plans for *Strange Attractor Journal*, the periodical which "celebrates unpopular culture", include *Welcome To Mars: Science And The American Century*, a book focusing on the history of the 1950s by The Hux & Kim Hollings. "A story of weird science, strange events and even stranger beliefs set in an age when the possibilities for human development seemed almost limitless," the book is a revised and expanded version of Kim Hollings's *Boomerang FM* radio series of the same name. The next issue of *Strange Attractor* itself is pencilled in for release in late 2006/early 2007.

Drew Mulholland of Mount Vernon Arts Lab has been appointed Composer in Residence at the University of Stirling's Department of Geography and

Earth Sciences. It's thought to be the first time an academic post has been created to combine music and psycho-geographical research. Mulholland, whose *Shoreline At Mount Vernon* was released last year on the Object Box label with elevenets by novelist Lawrence Markie, plans to write bag works. In his new role, one for string quartet and the other for "a pair of ancient wheezing synthesizers".

Jack Kurlander



Sweden's **IDEAL** label has announced its tenth anniversary celebrations. Including a mammoth "celebration of the skull of Le Monde Young" entitled 24 Hour Drive People, to be held at Fylkingen, Stockholm on 25 February. The event will be a continuous performance featuring 12 artists, including Stephen O'Malley, Mica Vaino, C Spencer Yeh, Håkan Gudebrandt and Jacob Werhagard, each playing for two hours. Starting in February, the label's celebrations also include events by The Skull Defenders, Tony Conrad, Keith, Sir Richard Bishop and Wolf Eyes. Meanwhile, IDEAL has scheduled upcoming releases by "olephile" (a new project from Peter-Nikolaus Carsten Nicolai), Stephen O'Malley, Exotist, Henrik Rylander and more. www.myspace.com/ideallabel

The late collab and disco pioneer **Arthur Russell** is the subject of a new documentary, *Wild Combination: A Portrait of Arthur Russell*, directed by Matt Wolf. Combining archival footage with testimonials from friends, family and associates, the film arrives to world premiers at the Berlin International Film Festival in early February.

London Fields Lido in East London is to play host to a live event this summer featuring *More With Water*, Chris Watson and Andrew Lister. *Wet Sounds* takes place on 6 July 2006, and promises to see the audience "soak in the pool (immerse in sound)". It will be the first performance in a nationwide tour of swimming pools taking in ten cities.

Legendary Detroit producer **Carl Craig** has announced a forthcoming double-disc mix collecting together many of his recent tracks and rarities along with classic tracks and several unreleased productions. Sessions are set to be released on Shadix 107 on 25 February.

The Joined-up World of *The Wire*

remains therefore an old

New items going up a.s. The Wire's official site during February include music by Sightings, Wooden Ships and Cath & Phil Tyler, music and images from Hidenaki Takahashi's multimedia opus *whisper* (link), an audio clip from Brian May's *Invisible Jukebox* interview with George H. Lewis, plus an exclusive review of 2007 by Phoebe Bear.

In the Shop, a few of our earlier limited edition T-shirts are still available. Did you miss out on shirts designed by Kim Gordon or Matt Valentine. First time round? Go to the Shop to see if we have any left in your size.

In The Wire 25 section of the site we'll be adding audio streams of some of the sets recorded at our 25th anniversary season. This section of the site already hosts live clips of Christian Marley, Benny Simmons & Tight Meat, Justice One, BoWinget & Luge, Azzhetti, Marmos, Lutz, Knappe, Lou Nix, Michael Gore and Soft Poik Trous, plus, the newly dedicated

phases others, collected by coaters, is still viscous.

Other recent additions to the site include live footage of Austral South Club John Wall's 6-0 Gambell and Infiniti Liver filmed at The Works record store. The Feder event at Roda's Futuristic Casa De Musica venue, an exclusive to Rock On! CD Adrenaline video, images shot by Dennis & Nicole during their recent European tour, and an archive on the late Karlheinz Stockhausen: an extended interview with Burki, and MP3s from Nicholas Bulles, art, Print, Listed Mischke, Oxbow, Paul Brink, Skating Wilds, Shape Of Blood Mind, Laurie Anderson, Ricardo Vialazco, Matthew Dale Thompson, Gracie, Robin/Willemson, Kroc, KTH, Wiley and Neil Corbett.

A faq site: Thanks for all your comments about the new site. A lot of you were concerned that content from the old site has yet to reappear on the new one. Never fear, as we will be refiling the new site with the whole archive from the old site over the coming months.



Shelton, 1991, p. 101.

Scott & Paul Tyler authors



Adventures in Modern Music (an
 Extension 104 & 121)

The *Wife* is weekly shown on the UK's only arts radio station in broadcast across Central London on 134.4 FM every Thursday between 9-10.30pm with downloadable streaming at www.radio4online.com. Repeated editions of the show, all of which are archived at www.thewife.co.uk as downloadable MP3s or streams, have featured guest mixes from Steve Thorne (13 December) and Gurdar Ghat (10 January), an exclusive set by Skali Deschi (Shelley's recorded live in London last November as part of *The Wife* 26 (17 January)) and a special Thel: Jockey 13th anniversary mix (15 January).

For more updates on what's happening in The Joined-up World of The Nine, sign up to The Consult, our fortnightly newsletter, or subscribe to our RSS feeds, both at www.thenine.co.uk

Hi! We are changing our publishing schedule so that, as of next month, *The Wire* will be in the shops a week earlier, which means the March issue will be on sale from 14 February. If you have problems finding copies of *The Wire* at the shops, please let us know by emailing subs@thewire.co.uk. Or better still, take out a subscription (at www.thewire.co.uk/subscriptions), that way you'll never again have to go looking for an issue of the magazine. It will come to you. ☐

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For the Fe_2O_3 - SnO_2 system, Fe_2O_3 is the major component and SnO_2 is the minor component.

Star sailors

By Chris Sharp



Wooden Shjips (left to right): Josh Wiles, Rusty Jensen, Erik Ripley, Johnson Ben Mawhood

Wooden Shjips are devotees of tube amplification and risk to vent rage via cacophonous transistronic incantations from the most traditional tools. Despite its extreme economy and almost wilful brevity (five tracks, three chords), their self-titled debut album opens up a free-drained groove to eternity.

The group's first incarnation came together in San Francisco in 2002, coalescing around a singer/guitarist Erik Ripley. Johnson "The ritual side," he explains, "was to put together a group of non-musicians to play lo-fi, primitive rock 'n' roll, as the great tradition of The Psychedelic Stooges, 7 and The Mystereas and The Seeds." That version of Wooden Shjips fell apart, unrecorded, after 18 months of two-chord jamming, but Johnson had been sufficiently convinced of the potency of low-tech rock to try again. After persuading original member Josh Wiles to switch from guitar to organ, he recruited bassist Rusty Jensen and drummer Omar Alkandeh, and *The Shjips*, so to speak, were reborn.

2006 now the first singles – a self-released EP ("Bleeding Moon For You") and a disc vinyl "The Back That I've Got" called "Dance, California." Despite – or perhaps because of – their primitive genetics, the singles succeeded in earning the group a fiercely focused psychedelic surge, thanks to a headful of enthusiastic notables including one in their very midst, word spread swiftly – original copies now change hands for upwards of \$200. Meanwhile, Wooden Shjips were getting more often to play live, which, observes Johnson, "lightened up our musical interaction... there's quite a difference between playing for yourself in your studio as your own wine, and having to get up in front of people and have it on an schedule. Especially if you're going to long, drawn-out songs, with a somewhat open structure."

That last phrase is a curiously downbeat way of describing Wooden Shjips' richly narcotic music. Their songs cut hellbilly upwards, like wickerwreath – snaking through space, mindlessly drum parts,

perfectly lighting up a multi-colored blaze of scintillating feedback and harmonist-drenched white noise. The group evokes no real claim to originality, but they pull a twist might be an even harder trick than more novelty in this crowded age. Wooden Shjips operate in a tradition which reaches back through swells like Loop and Spacemen 3, through Knazook, through The Velvets, The Stooges and The Doors, through the real-life garage rock explosion, post-amplified R&B and electric blues, seeping, at base, into a timeless, label yearning for volume and repetition. But there's a direction and purity about their contribution to the avant-garde lineage that makes it both thoroughly convincing and thoroughly reinvigorating.

Perhaps this success is down to an absence of over-analysis – Johnson's rules of musical attraction are unwritten, instinctive. "We stay true to the inner music, and to the riffs and the beats that come naturally," he asserts. "That's part of what really attracts me to a band, what I respond to deeply – like how you can recognize a Swedish song, or a Neil Young song, almost immediately. For us, those elements are repetition, feedback, loud guitars, noisy sounds, rough beats, infectious basslines. If I hear a single feedback and guitar feedback, my ears prick up, I'm down to it."

"The bands we get compared to most often, like The Doors or Spacemen 3, aren't big influences on any of us," he confesses. "But it's great because we also get turned onto things that way – I bought my first Doors record after we finished our second. The Velvet Underground are a huge influence, as they are on many other bands – but I always felt that most bands were influenced by the wrong aspect of The Velvets, the wrong album. We're influenced by 'Sister Ray.' We love the lo-fi boogie Velvets. And it's interesting that they considered themselves a dance band, and they would play long grooves at gigs so people could dance. That's always been part of our goal."

Given this impulse towards physical movement, it's not surprising to learn that Wooden Shjips

Wooden Shjips

have taken plenty of non-Western sounds on board. "There are a lot of similarities between Western rock and electric acoustic music from other cultures. The DNA of rock and early R&B comes from Africa. And early rock 'n' roll was known to inspire ecstatic liberation in crowds of people. I can't say I know why repetitive grooves have this effect. I just know that it's something I respond to very strongly. I like a lot of African music, electric Gnsweye from Morocco, Tinariwen, Ahobeah. But also non-Western rock, the melding of rock and local musical styles. Like Erola Kony from Turkey, San Li Lin from Korea, various stuff from the Grimecore, Rock and Sublime. Frequentia going, Japanese psych and, of course, all the classic American rock from the 70s. The sheer variety of expression within that is what is inspiring."

And perhaps the impact of the group's debut album *Wooden Shjips* derives from the manner in which hand riffs of hours of the kind of flustering – and hundreds more of grating-roar penning – have been condensed into just 33 minutes of luscious minimalist music? "So many records today are too long," Johnson observes. Opening with the shimmering debutant of "We Acknowledge To Ride", featuring a foresting melange of rock, and concluding with the two-minute long Dream Syndicate cover "Shine Like Stars", the record also takes in numb-garage grind ("Lastin' Blues") and heavy, spurn-out rock ("Blue Sky Bends"). These five songs are fluid yet dense, dense and expanded at the same time – they're a triumphant vindication of Wooden Shjips' beautifully understated aesthetic.

"When I write songs, I just go with the flow – so there's just what comes out," says Johnson. "The conscious part of the process is less it's simple. I don't have too many parts, no complex, no basslines or drum patterns. It's with Prog, an ideological position. The songwriting is a natural process that seems directly from that philosophy about how the music should sound – or how it shouldn't sound." □ Wooden Shjips is out now on Holy Mountain. To hear Wooden Shjips' music, go to www.thewire.co.uk

NÉMETH - FILM

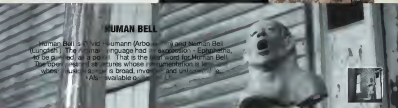
New solo project by Stefan Németh from Radax and Lokis.

"a masterpiece of sculpted sound and daring psychological manipulations" - WIRE



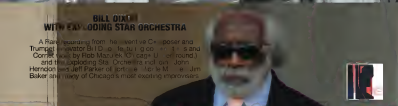
HUMAN BELL

Human Bell is David Humann (Arborescence) and Németh Bell (Lundeth). The original language had an explosion - Ephraïm, to be played as a poem. That is the first word for Human Bell. The open, personal structures whose instrumentation is lewybe, musical, and is broad, inveterate, and unknown. It is also available on the CD.



BILL DIXON WITH EXPLODING STAR ORCHESTRA

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Ragga to riches

By Lisa Blanning

Warrior Queen

"Do guys come up to me in Leeds and it's like, 'Warrior Queen, you think I don't understand what you're saying?' I understood what you're saying!" It's easy to get lost in the rhythm of Warrior Queen Annette Henry's Jamaican patois inflections, even when she's deliberately speaking "proper English". She often repeats phrases with increasing intensity, as she might in a song. When she's on the mic — with, for example, frequent collaborator Kevin Martin in her posse as The Bug — it's hardly matters what she's saying. The cadence of her MC flow is effortlessly woven in the rhythm, pitched somewhere between singing, rapping and chanting. That truly intoxicating led to her shelling the UK MC's art form in its most common form in Grime to the complexities of the dubbing scene. London's Grime MCs tend to cheap their lines in a hard, hectic staccato, which struts the music in a semi-automatic fashion: a metronome-fueled urban mutation from a less-betwixt aspect of downtown culture. But Warrior Queen's naturally nuanced placement of words among the beats, combined with a delivery both staccato and glitchy, ensures that her biggest fans, aside from The Bug, are the dubplate producers now lining up to work on her own albums: planned for release later this year. Kodak, DMZ's Cole, Christian Power, Shymin and others.

Henry grew up surrounded by music in the Jamaican province of Clarendon. A girl who shy to sing in the choir, her changing musical activity was limited to running out of a sermon at one year old to show after the post-poor boat of a new spelling in her head. Her school activities consisted mostly of playing and selling records — by artists like Gregory Isaac, Dennis Brown, Bannister Lewis, Skerlin Davis — in the road show owned by her uncle, also a producer working with the likes of Culture. Given the circumstances, it's little surprise that the adolescent Henry found her voice early. She recalls the records leading up to her discovery: "There was a song by Sugar Minott, 'St Storm'. 'St Storm' — here a paper, unfortunately cackled like

a rap verse — "I wasn't born, so my grandma used to tell me what I should be. But now, de 77 Black, I am 'one and I see people, bottom up the week, the day, and it was all cancer' to rise in lyrics. The words, word for word, and I was just write it and I was sayin' it, I went to my uncle and was like, 'Listen dis, ' and my uncle, me aunt, my cousins, dey all were sitting in de room and I was like, 'Listen to dis' And I started singing de song. Not singing, chanting, like. And dey were like, 'Yeah! Cool! Gave Windy' — she's my pet name — 'Oh my god, Windy, dat's so wicked good!'"

God must have forgiven her rudeness that day in church, for she has no other explanation as to where the staccato came from. After grabbing the mic at a sound-system party, inquiries as to her identity led to her uncle telling everybody she did this regularly, and then to a residency with another sound system at the age of 14. Adopting the stage name Windy Culture, she developed the writing ability crystallized by the time "Within twelve two words I had reached 40 lyrics to 40 different beats. I had lyrics for every beat," she recalls. "I remember one in Jamaica, Shookin' Vibes, they wanted a gun lyric, I didn't 'ave gun lyrics. And dey said, 'Get you 'ave to 'ave a gun to be come and come now.' And I went around de back and when I came in 20 minutes later, dey was de gun lyric. And dey was like, 'Get you just write dis?' I said, 'Yes, I don't 'ave a gun lyric. Dis is de only one.' Dey laughed: 'Producer always do, 'Do you write your own lyrics?'"

She was every day's contest she entered (a display in Jamaica being the equivalent of an MC) culminating in a national win as a teenager against 35 other contestants: only two of which were female. Despite hits with the Shookin' Vibes label and her own Studio B Grime-produced releases, there may have been a career dullness — result with Jamaican producers — she was never informed about her releases and only received copies of she bought them herself in shops — but she is quick to blame her own laziness for the break that followed. When she returned as Xena, Princess Princess it didn't matter: she was welcomed back and

recognised as something of a celebrity everywhere she went.

Originally intending to relocate to New York, Henry moved to London in October of 2005 following the events of 9/11. She started performing under her current moniker, a session of which was played to Kevin Martin, who immediately invited her to his studio. Even though she was unaware of Martin and his work, a mutual acquaintance set up the appointment, that meeting in the latter half of 2005 produced the first two tracks of the jointly created *Alone But CF*. Subsequent live (and more regular) gigs with The Bug led to her introduction and association with London's dubplate roster, as well as more nights with Martin among other producers, including a session on the soundtrack to the Afrobeat Curation film *Children Of Men*.

"I expected this monster personality," says Kevin Martin, relating the story of their first meeting. "Actually, she was totally the opposite: really contrasting to how I expected. Just really nice, really humble, but then when she's on the mic, she comes out with the most incredible, colorful verses and themes. Within I had my first conversation with Warrior, I asked what lyrics she could supply and she copied responded she had 'reggae it and gamman lyrics'. Which made me smile. I said, 'OK, how about both? (I was) emphasizing the sex and violence of reggae and Warrior does that like no one else.' Henry burst it, sweet and rather shy, explain to with a laugh: "It's two sides. I'm Annette Henry and I'm Warrior Queen."

Warrior Queen moves the crowd. It's apparent when a DJ drops one of her tracks: most of them clink hits at this point, and that man in Leeds knows it. She smiles at the memory. "It was a little girl, so what?" she said. "Yes, I know what you said and when I go home, my wife is gonna say no, 'Windy take you!' just like that, you know. 'What... take... you,' 'I said 'let go now tell I go with 'Warrior Queen. De I understand what you are saying. And I was like, 'Yeah!'" □ The Bug featuring Warrior Queen's Poison Deaf 12" is out now on Ninja Tune



Top right: Annette Henry aka Warrior Queen

Singing out By Nick Southgate



Singing for their supper: Cath & Phil Tyler

Cath & Phil Tyler

"There are still pubs in the North East where you can people sing folk songs," says Phil Tyler. "Not very often, it's true. And they sing without any effort. I like that." Both he and his wife Cath speak with deep affection about the North East of England, where they now live, and its musical traditions. They are themselves people without artifice, as the recordings on their new album *Dumb Supper* reveal.

Originally from Devon, in the mid-1980s Phil Tyler moved to the North East as a student. He stayed on to work as a radio presenter and play guitar in various late-nighter and pub-protest rock groups. Spreading Through the Booking Book, his first true Manchester resident Cath Day, when she was playing with the group Cordelia's Dad and is Cordelia's Dad made things happen, while he featured a mini rock sound. With Cath now on bass in Spreading, it's a duo they're both keen to accommodate. "We started singing together at home just for the pleasure of it," recalls Phil. "Then it drifted out of the living room," "We'd go to visit people and they'd start asking if we'd bring the things, play some songs," adds Cath. In such quiet ways their private pleasure became public.

It also expresses their warmth towards the song-filled pubs and folk clubs of the North East, where people also sing for the pleasure of it, in an act of spontaneous collective exuberance. Such outpourings should not be shied from all the more as we age that has lost a sense of communal life, and regards folk song as an academic discipline.

The singing breaks of *Dumb Supper* springs from the effortless way Cath & Phil sing and play together. "We were singing parts from the *Shanties* Help in the car the other day," recounts Cath. Such an image of momentary harmony explains why their singing has the intimate, tentative character that recalls established English singing families such as the Hulls and the Singing Coppers of Sussex. The songs are staples of the folk tradition. Many are

drawn from Francis James Child's *English & Scottish Popular Ballads*. Published between 1952 and 1960, it has been the source and inspiration for players of every successive folk revival. However, if Cath & Phil are aware of the tradition, they don't perform the songs as if dusting down museum artefacts to be handled only by gloved and expert hands. They revive them as the true songs, by breathing life into them and gently moulding them to their will. "Traded and words, 'hammered into shape'" offers Phil. "There are some things I wouldn't sing," explains Cath. "It would feel wrong to me. So I leave the words to they feel right to me."

Opening *Dumb Supper*, "Waterfall," is a good example. It's a dark song that tells of a lady who marries below her station and refuses to let to domestic duties. "For fear of spoiling her life with sin," she is chosen for her troubles by a husband who feels "bound to sin my old sweetheart", even though "to weep your wife is surely a sin". The words are drawn from their childhood home in Child's collection, but against Phil's understated arrangement and understated guitar, Cath's clear, honest voice and Phil's occasional harmonies remain wedded to the story at its heart of the song.

The same track is pulled off on the timeless "Death Of Queen Jane", a number told that tells of Jane Seymour's death while giving birth to Henry VIII's only male heir, Edward VI. The standard telling and by turns gentle and forlorn singing capture both the joy of a child born and the tragedy of a mother lost in acute, timeless clarity.

The recordings are stripped down, yet have great warmth. This owes much to Phil's guitar style. He never overplays, instead removing content to work with the simple material at hand. The austere cadences of English folk are all present, but in his hands they never become hollow digressions or twiddly, by demonstration of empty technique. On the instrumental "Hallowe'en", he does show himself

one moment of exuberance when switching from guitar to piano and such his five-string banjo into a ripping, skulping dance. This feat of his playing has already produced two limited but well-regarded banjo albums on the self-offering Just What The World Needs More Records label.

It is, however, the modest pleasure in the act of singing that most defines *Dumb Supper*. They sing at work as at the organic vegetable farm they both help run. "I work in the office managing the box scheme," says Cath, adding with a laugh, "as I don't have a field better, though I can sing pretty hard." She's also evangelised about their new singing and the Second Heart's songbook. This tradition of collective singing from the very beginning of the 18th century flourished in the first American colonies; it was an alternative musical notion of shapes that connected syllables and pitch, making sight-reading of unfamiliar songs far simpler. She uses the system to teach group singing to almost anyone. "I want to run a day in an experimental lab facility. They were all in white coats and looked pretty unsure. But once they get going, they really get it." She's equally passionate that anyone can sing and enjoy doing so. In their folk singer, she assisted a shouting Glastonbury teenager. "You have to sing loud enough to hear yourself!" she asserts. "Otherwise you don't know what you're doing. That's what I help people do."

Unsurprisingly, the Tylers most value live performance. The chance to catch them on a short UK tour this month offers the new pleasure of seeing two people doing something they love for the simple reason that they love to do it. "We're like the vegetables we send out," concludes Cath. "They may be dirty and you get what the season gives. But they're good. It's like that with us. We're not the freshest show in town, and I'm not the fastest singer. But that's what we are and we respect that." *Dumb Supper* is released this month on No-Fi. To hear exclusive Cath & Phil Tyler music, go to www.thewire.co.uk



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Global Ear Baltimore

A survey of sounds from around the planet. This month: Drew Daniel finds messy fun, rude food and all the circuit-bent DIY noise he can swallow while exploring Charm City's unlicensed underground



Shoreline

Four months ago I flew from San Francisco to Baltimore knowing almost nothing about the city. I've been struggling to get to grips with it ever since, but what emerges most immediately is the weird resilience and thorny outsider stance that unites creative people in a poor and on the whole dry city. As David Green says: "There is a long history of eccentric characters that live and breed here, no shortage of weirdies to get involved with, and a steadily crumbling blue collar economy that comprises a 'right like you are leaving' ethos." Where rent is low, anything (except a decent PR, certainly) is possible, and the result is a troubled place with its own weird and lovely music scene. While visiting musicians perform in light venues like the Oldbar and the cavernous SoReal club, the most interesting concerts happen at house parties, illegal spaces and artist-run warehouses such as the Bank, the Heretics and the Wilson City Collective above those at the Copcity Building. Though the likes of Tanabata Hill (the concert space/wedding venue of National Alpacas/Twig Harper and Carly Pak, producers of short-but-DP! noise) is keenly felt, these new venues have followed their example: booking electronics, inspire, out! jazz and rock that share a persistently odd and gritty local flavor.

I was spotted off early in the game when one of the guys attending my own noise-making possession from the moving truck mentioned the Bank at West Baltimore. After navigating some shady street corners I found the space, whose primary rotating drop ceiling and weird internal rays I believe its former function. After some opening DJ sets from minimalist drone guru and folk vinyl enthusiast Ben Maguire and some tough Baltimore beats in regional variant of House made only in Charm City (note the DJ disc Jack James, everywhere burred in the mix of a makeshift screen to watch trippy video art from Jimmy Joe Roche, followed by belatedly crunched beats and XXX-rated noise raps from Rubbed Raw (aka the featuring DJ Dog Disk and Red Daddy Nuggi). When I left the Bank,

the dancefloor was still buzzing and hummed neighbors were peering in at people voguing. So sorry to what sounded like power electric side mixed with 2 Live Crew.

Similarly festive vibes prevailed at the Wilson City Collective shows on the top floor of the Copcity building. When I got there, some very young and drunk kids from the local art school MICA (including someone in a zebra costume) were going off to music 3-bit blimps and swiped a capsule from mask-wearing beat-dropper OGB. It's all good messy fun, but the police and the fire marshals seem stressed up and about the party down below: some goth/tech Chic and current party jam-droppers Dan Deacon go to perform. These spaces need city support, says Jason Urlik, who lives in and helps curate shows at the Flabrine. "It would be nice [if we didn't] have to worry about being shut down by landlords, police, etcetera. These spaces don't exist to make money—what I feel is the view the authorities have—and either because we want to play music with our friends without the hassle of overheads, early hours and electric 'inventions'." Urlik is a member of Wet Heats (a new-wave Wet Heats), who use Gameboys, circuit-bent electronics, laptops, drums and guitars to make shimmering space halfway between A&M and Kosmosphere.

It sounds like an exaggeration, but improved noise-making really seems to be everywhere: on a recent trip to the hardware store some guy hanging out in the parking lot tried to sell me frisky reel instruments he had just built from scavenged junk. It's probably the fault of High Zeno, the Improv Festival, founded by the Red Rooster Collective, which brings Baltimore improv folk into a round-robin of ensembles with national and international guests. This year featured solo acts by Natalie Keel and Jeep Stork, and a tripartite nodular-noise duos showdown on amplified Silly-billy-wielding John Berardi and improvising dancer Aileen Chernow. It ended in a draw. But such proudly independent approaches are almost the norm

here. At the recently reopened Taking Head, Marylandism, a core duo of Matt Miller and Will Feldman, elected by a saxophone, played obscure, powerfully dynamic improvisations that went from smoldering, quasi-Ethiopian melodic forms all the way to full-on Fire Music and back again. The audience stopped it all up with relief, in saying home just how spoiled Baltimore people are for high quality free playing, and just how hungry they are for weirdness.

Which brings us to Dan Brown and Tom Bowers' own Breaks, who make music from funk, noise electronics with very a laptop in sight. At a local street fair, they constructed a heavy-controlled at two juke bar in which the amplitude of their signaling signal affected the blending speed at which some pretty revealing shades were faded into the public. "On this occasion," says Brown, "we used amplified transducers to modulate blends that were filled with fatty smoothies made from combos of smoothies. Grey Poupon, strawberries, fresh garlic peanut butter, Almonds, Cheesecake, chocolate syrup, and the list goes on." (Dan Brown and Jason Willett, the co-owner with Ben Maguire of the fine record store, an independent underground resource in the Hampden neighbourhood, also look up a nights as well of van-melting improvised freestyle in Labyrinthine Catering. At a recent gig at the Flabrine with the ubiquitous Brown sitting in on drums, Willett mesmerized a rapturous young crowd with his highly articulate manipulation of a controlled rubber band, conjuring both credible pop stand-up bass and rap-like dancelike ones. Brown pulled a Minotaur, and then erupted into "toddling out" mode while striding a redie redie attached to his headgear only. It was inspiring, but it didn't feel like the vibrant perfume bag all noise-spectaculars. His music tricks: think a new, "Back it" industry that provides the scene.

Listen Mountain Boys, one of the most vocal improvisation acts, have this field of new guidelines in staples. Led by founder Lasso with a blurring core of four members, some performances have swarmed up to 12 singers arranged into human pyramids, with the assembled Mountain Boys stacked on top of each other's shoulders, howling in and out of extended open "sings." The result sounds like a Mountain Monk hoodwinking getting inside in a highly intense of tactile funk. It's tough, wild, and occasionally hilarious, as when, on Ben Dry's *Positive Noise* CD, a voice cries out: "Somewhere below the sun she gives birth to her deconstructed child. There's no head! There's no head! on this baby!" I can't think of a better image for the youthful, anti-authoritarian and raw nature of the Baltimore scene right now. While I still miss my friends in San Francisco, I'm happy to stay here, as long as the Bank and the Flabrine are staying one step ahead of the law. I'm planning to park it right here in Hurdless Bay USA. (Listen Mountain Boys' LP is out on Lullaby, as is our own on Mass: *Sounds* / *Natural Sounds* / *10* and Ben Maguire's *Red Rooster* LPs on Blue. Labyrinthine Catering's *Red Flame* LP is available from When Owens, Mt. Rainier. *Thousand Pope* / *Epil* / *Making Your Bones* CD is out on Copcity.



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a deviant view of cinema

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Cross Platform Sound in other media

What's opera, Kopf? Biba monitors the rebirth of music drama in Hideaki Takahashi's hi-tech media opera and La Fura Del's Baus's future-perfect take on Wagner's *Ring*

Japanese composer Hideaki Takahashi's envelopingly filled media opera *ch-koander /ch-ink* opens with the audience first adrift in wordlike darkness, whereas any sense of time is completely useless. Gradually, blinking LED lights and indeterminate sounds, diffused through 16 super-speakers dotted around the small auditorium, mark the first stirrings of consciousness. Music drama is about to be reborn, not for the first time, as a mixed media spectacle, closer in kin to Steve Reich's or Robert Ashley's stage works than Verdi or Wagner. "The reason it's awarded as a 'media opera' is to imply that it exists mainly as a musical performance with distinctive themes," says Takahashi, who, as electronic artist, again using other projects, has released two albums and has composed for film, TV and performance events. "I am aware that once I use the word 'opera' it's possible that it raises the image of classical opera too much."

Presented at Tokyo's Philip Stark designed Asahi Art Square Hall – a premier scout, windowless aesthetic of a building with an obelisk-like finish and crowned with what's supposed to be a head of bear form – rather than one of Tokyo's more prestigious classical venues, *ch-koander /ch-ink* is clearly operating according to a different agenda. The rehearsal stage lights up to reveal a control module manned by Takahashi at the centre and flanked by his sound, light and visual collaborators all behind desktops, and an eight person string ensemble, subject to real-time digital treatments by German electronics artist Uwe Haeus. But the real action happens overhead, where six screens draped like the interior of a normal's tent are lit up with digital information that gradually shapes into a series of reform and city images, eventually prepped with children as play, adults at work, musical images of combat, their original coordinates often derided and placed elsewhere in the sound mix. Though it clearly envisions, these scenes don't exactly cohere into a narrative; nor is there a libretto. On the contrary, the audience is invited to create their own scenarios from the information presented to them, and in place of words, from

behind a certain shamanic "free vocalization entry" Yutaka Fukusaka reads an extraordinary flow of deep, growling utterances and plaintive yells. But the look of words, combined with the sound of the texts, the super-speakers and the speakers, means nobody in the audience experiences *ch-koander /ch-ink* the same way. "I wanted the audience to make their own connections between their lives and multiple scenes in the world by using unrefined, fragmented visual elements," explains Takahashi. "And the reason I didn't use lyrics is because I wanted to keep their imagination and thoughts, without influencing them with words or significant 'meaning'." Though *ch-koander /ch-ink* has a theme, there isn't a story, yet the performance itself this story is in each member of the audience and I wanted to direct the performance as a catalyst to draw these stories out of them."

Takahashi's reluctance to emotionally or intellectually manipulate his audience relates to his original conception of *ch-koander /ch-ink*. "I believe the most important things for contemporary society – especially as I live in Japan – is to have the imagination to feel something in response to the various different problems around the world. By developing this media opera I wanted to provoke the audience to think about different social issues."

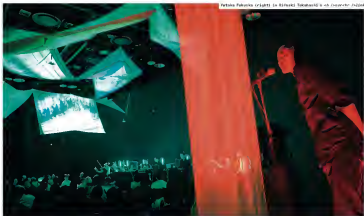
Other examples of Japanese artists dealing with global problems would seem to justify Takahashi's refusal to clearly articulate his concerns. Ryuchi Sakemoto's opera *Life* (1999) is gorgeously mounted multimedia spectacle about the state of the world and everybody in it, Ryoji Kudo's astonishingly graceful large-scale media works are fatally undermined by the growing gap between the simplicity of the message and the sophisticated means through which he delivers it. In leaving the audience to construct their own narratives from the streams of information he's channeling their way, Takahashi's *ch-koander /ch-ink* floats somewhere between the two in an aesthetic drift of warm, pulsing electronics, he monologuing strings and gurgling voices. The occasional digital noise abstractions notwithstanding, it's a comfortable

place to be, unlike the world outside which it is perceptually depicting.

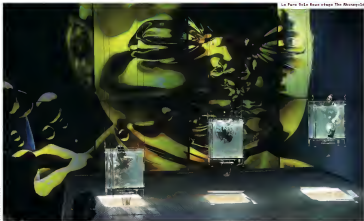
By contrast, Catalan theatre collective La Fura dels Baus's reworking of Richard Wagner's *The Ring*, now midway through its Garsa-ike staging of the cycle in Valencia and Florence, removes opera audience and performers both from their comfort zone. In The Ringgold, director Carlos Padrisa places the four Rhine maidens in their own full height suspended high above the stage, each of them surfing on cue to deliver their seductive, ululating calls to the evil dwarf Alberich, whose greed for the Earth's gold sets in motion the storyline that will culminate in the cycle's 2009 with the destruction of Valhalla in the final opera *Twilight of the Gods*. Opening their legs, the maidens discharge gold blood, while on a giant screen behind them a golden focus slowly revolves in La Fura's hands, Wagner's conception of opera as a total artwork is fully restored through their deployment of both high tech means: booming mechanical devices and circus acrobatics. When the devices act for action, the main protagonists are mounted on mobile platforms, wheeled around stage and moving precariously above the players and conductor Zubin Mehta in the orchestra pit.

"Admiral is a natural drug," laughs Padrisa, speaking in a broken, but colourful English at a brief meeting in Florence between performances of *The Rheingold* and *The Valkyries*. Tapping out the ring-forging aural motif on a coffee cup, he underlines the cycle's origins in the birth of European industrialisation and in the present connects it to La Fura's own origins in the late 1970s as a radical street theatre troupe with a predilection for destroying cars to a soundtrack of oil drum percussion and industrial rock. "The singers flying over the first violinist, their danger. Danger at La Fura, Wagner too. This is very important. Sometimes makes it more intense for the audience. Admirer's, acrobats, magic, danger in this La Fura is the specialist!" La Fura Del's Baus continue their *Ring* cycle with Siegfried in Valencia in June. Hideaki Takahashi's Website is www.waloo.jp For photos and music from *ch-koander /ch-ink* go to www.therevo.co.uk

Artista Fukunaka (right) in Rikudo Takahashi's 6th Japanese Pavilion



La Pave Solo Baur stages The Museum Of



Invisible Jukebox George E Lewis

Every month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on – with no prior knowledge of what they're about to hear. Tested by Brian Morton. Photography: Mark Mahaney

Born in July 1952, George E. Lewis came from a poor Chicago background. He received his early education at a Dewey laboratory school, learning trombone from the age of nine and teaching himself improvisation by transcribing Lester Young solos on it. He went on to study philosophy at Yale, before becoming involved in the Chicago-based Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM) in 1971.

At college, he had played modern jazz with composer/pianist Anthony Davis, but in 1976, he joined the Count Basie band for a time, before returning to AACM-inspired music with fellow Chicagoan Anthony Braxton's group. His *The Solo Trombone Record* was released on Soulville in 1978, followed by *Shadowgraph: 5 (Sixties)* on Black Saint the following year and the remarkable *Hommage To Charles Parker* (also Black Saint, 1979), which saw Lewis reunited with Davis, working

with composer/electronic improviser Richard Teitelbaum, and beginning an enduring interest in human-technological interfaces in music.

His *Voyager* software is now an important element of his creative process. In line with this interest, Lewis spent three years at IRCAM in Paris at the beginning of the 1980s, but he also took time out to record on Laurie Anderson's *Big Science* album and to take part in Derek Bailey's *Improvisers'* gathering Company. Lewis is currently Edwin H. Clegg Professor of Music at Columbia University. His study of AACM, *Power Stronger Than itself*, has just been published by Chicago University Press.

The Jukebox took place in Glasgow, where Lewis was leading a workshop and performance with The Glasgow Improvisers Orchestra.

Kid Gray

"Tin Roof Blues"

WELL STAY OUT PLUM (HORNWALL) 1991

Well, I have absolutely no idea who any of those people were, but what interested me about the piece playing was that it was more like *Baritone* style, so this certainly was a music of the earlier generation. There was that more modernist conception of the piano. It sounded more like people who were reaching back, not necessarily for nostalgic purposes, but purposely performing in the style of an earlier era. Certainly Kid Gray's Creative Band was supposedly the first all-black group to record, but in 1935 he was already playing in a more very Tin Roof extent did that early, collective approach to jazz playing influence you, or your colleagues in AACM?

To be honest, not at all. The first things that really interested me were in my father's record collection, especially a Lester Young record. And he had a recording of [Miles Davis] "Steely Gray My Prince Will Come", with these two saxophone solos on it, and I thought a sax was moderately interesting but the other was very exciting. Then I heard John Coltrane live at the Village Vanguard with Pharoah Sanders, and I said, "This is the greatest thing I ever heard!" The saxophone is indeed wonderful like the guy on the Miles Davis record, and it was the same guy. That was the music that really inspired me to think about doing things. No one in my house was listening to classic jazz or Dixieland. They were listening to R&B or contemporary jazz. I probably listened to early stuff later, but I was never a devotee, I can say that. I sort of listened on to the 1950s and post-1950s people. The early stuff, early jazz, early Tin, early blues. The work sort of moves around in lots of different ways. That linear progression has nothing to do with my life or work.

Charles Parker

"Vase"

HORN STAY COMPLETE CHARLES PARKER (HORNWALL) 1991

Charles Parker was very hard for me to listen to as a young person of 15 or 20. I just didn't think

much of it. Then I ran into [saxophonist] Fred Anderson [part of my inspiration into the JACM]. Fred was very kindly and told "Come over to my house. He took all these young people, Chico Freeman, Adolpho Collins, Harold Drake – who was Hawk at the time – Douglas Ewart, Billie Holiday, the bass player. We'd all be over there listening. He would always play these Charles Parker records, but that particular tune escaped my interest. What was the name of that?

"Vase"

"Vase", "Vase", "Vaseport", those things. That was really interesting, great, the first four bars especially, that particular music, it's strange, very beautiful. I've read a lot of academic treatises on Bird. Scholarly analysis and all that, but one of the things I think was exciting was that there was an indeterminacy about it. You sort of knew what he was going to play. He was swinging – and he was a big swinger, he'd play out of a symphony in a popular band, just stuck in there like a temple there, that cagey tendency which sometimes passes for postmodernist parody but seemed to be happening in a pre-postmodern way back then.

There's a wonderful book by David Belgrade called *The Culture of Spontaneity*. He includes Bellego alongside Charles Olson and the Black Mountain poets, Cage, Minor Cunningham, it's an investigation of spontaneity and improvisation as defining markers of American culture in this period. Of course, if you think about the earliest jazz versions of this, it considerably predates the Black Mountain people or Cage. You're talking about a really strong tendency that arose in African-American culture very early on, so by the time it reaches Bird, it's become a kind of modernism. You know what's going to happen after you listen to Charles Parker for a while, but damned if you know when. Even if you know the piece by heart, the solo by heart. You're still amazed by why he not but that thing there that he does 20,000 times before. It's this way of playing more than any other that gave rise to the completely altered impression that came about

in the academic community in the 50s – and it still exists in some areas of music theory – that states that indeterminacy is a viable question of playing what you know or simply negotiating between passages at a concentration of already existing phrases. Which sort of ignores the question of where those phrases stem from and shows a superficial grasp of this notion of indeterminacy. But it's this way, they didn't stand around for the next lesson from Fred Anderson...

John Cage

"4'33"

HORN STAY COMPLETE CHARLES PARKER (HORNWALL) 1991

(HORNWALL) 1991

Nothing too indeterminate about this choice of music. Was Cage important to you in AACM?

I'd say that, like a lot of things, the importance was – according to culture – individual choice. It was contextualized, fragmented. There was Anthony Braxton, who found Cage very interesting, and there was Michel Robert Abrams, who found him less interesting, and so, having learned a lot from Braxton, I chose to find Cage interesting as an artist and then interesting as a social theorist. I've had occasion to criticize his viewpoints on black culture and improvisation in my academic writing. Largely because of the morality of indeterminacy, seen as oppositional. Richard Teitelbaum and other people were very important to me and still are, having taught me a lot about this period because they found Cage in a way that I didn't. And so I became familiar with people like Alvin Lucier, whose *Vespers* (1973) is a classic, an ad-hoc for a certain model of improvisation, which will be heretical to people who read that, but I've had occasion to talk to Alvin about this. There's nothing else that anyone who plays *Vespers* can do but improvise, if we define improvisation as a response to conditions the external condition of exploring the space and the rational condition of doing so according to your particular history, culture, background and in dialogue with the score in the absence of specific



impressions, what is left is an improvisational situation. But I can understand people like Alvin thinking that improvisation is being overused, or as Pierre Brasseur I think said, said as a personal psychodrama. If that was improvisation, I would see people leaving away from it.

Visages was the very purest form of improvisation, and I was looking for that in other spheres of my musical life and was able to find it in the work of Nicolas Mitchell, Anthony ASCH or in the work I've been doing here with the Glasgow Improvisers Orchestra. I used my self-learning away from the noise of the ego-driven romantic supervisor experienced by his will. I found that to be a consolation, partly of my culture, and the most strenuous belief it to be quite inhuman, and as it was adopted by later generations of students and musicians in a quite academic fashion. So I found myself having to defend Cage, as Adorno put it, as the director.

Anthony Braxton & Richard Teitelbaum "Ensemble"

FROM LIVE AT ROCKY HILL (ORANGE AND WHITE) 1988

Turn that up, this is great, but it's not Richard, it's some more recent pieces, definitely.

Are you sure?

This is Richard. Oh, now is this recent? [Laughs at him, laughing] Are you kidding me? I was at this and I took the picture as the cover [he/she shows Braxton and Teitelbaum facing off in front of a boxing poster advertising the Tyson-Spinks fight in 1984]. That is funny. What device did Richard have that would let him do that? Oh, a little patch.

He was the person who introduced me to Japanese music, particularly gagaku. He introduced me to lots of things. Richard has a piece called *Elephant*, which is for shakuhachi. It expresses what has been said for many years, thousand masses where you're blending with the environment. What do pieces in places where you'd basically play so little you'd blend with what was happening outside the piece, drinking glasses or whatever, so the piece would be over and people wouldn't know it and maybe it had never begun in the first place. I saw it happening now all the time. But Richard is the key to Richard's music. I learned a great deal from him, about things like creating a unified instrument where you're playing trombone and Steve Lucie's playing saxophone, but actually you're playing as one instrument. Or where you find yourself in a space with an interactive computer program, which is blending with human activity or human improvisatory practice in such a way it's unclear what's going on. You're in a kind of space where you're looking to human or a machine. I got a little bit in Richard's direction as well. While he started doing the three-piano concertos, where he had multiple pieces performed by computers, he would play something and Chris Dobryn patch would multiply that and transform it in different ways. But my work is algorithmic. My computer is writing up its own work, as an independent operator.

It can use what you give it, but it has a lot of its own capability there. And so it can be programmed to ignore you if it needed to make things work.

Laurie Anderson "Born Never Asked" FROM THE GINGERBREAD (NORTON) 1982

Lauree. I was musical director of NYC venue the Kitchen in 1980. Playing both sides of the street. Although I lived in midtown, I spent all my time downtown in New York, late '70s until '82, when I went to Paris and got hired up at IRCAM for three years. I was just one of the dozens we drafted like everyone else. You were in the Kitchen every day. Eric Gosselin was the dance director, I was the music director, we shared as a then, Nilsy Chatters would show up, Robert Wilson would show up. Or Rob Ashley. So we all knew each other.

It was very nice to be asked by Laurie to be on the record, because after she made "O Superman" people were very excited and she was making all this great music. My Science was the first one. Laurie had a home studio and was working with Rumei Basso, her producer. I was there trying to play over some tracks and it really wasn't working. I'm not good at playing over other people's tracks. They had a three-track disk, so I said to them, "Give me three tracks, and I will edit and write three tracks" worth all trombone stuff on a piece of paper—I took about five minutes—I recorded the three tracks and it went on the record. I went to Paris and I saw Laurie performing the piece and they had her beat at three microphones playing this piece this way. They had transcribed it like ethnomusicology or something. Maybe it wasn't as simple as I thought it was. You talked about getting hooked up at IRCAM. At IRCAM I was one of the immigrants. I did my piece [Random Family] there in SA, three networked computers, listening to Josie [Laurie, Derek Bailey, Douglas Ewart and Steve Lucie, Derek's son] the most about playing with computers. He was the music critic, but you need critical input for these things and he was prepared to critique the playing of improvisation with computers in a way very few people were able to. It was very important to me to hear his point of view on that and more other things over the years.

That piece was shown on TV and I kept running into these Athens people who'd say "Wow, man, your piece was on TV. C'est bien vu va MM". I spoke away French then, as now. "We didn't know there were any stars working over there." It was also like being an immigrant because I was being introduced to the other world of high modernist composition.

There is no longer a small systems/big systems dichotomy. That's all cut the door with new technology that at the time it was very much a political stance, whether you were going to do it with a small computer or a mainframe. I guess I was in the wrong side, but I was learning how those things operated. I had adopted the ideology of autonomous musical creation and stuff that really

didn't what I was doing. You didn't really have a choice, you were trying to learn the language and the culture and then essentially what I did. It was an incredible time to be around and there were some incredible people around. The technology that was making special music making was just coming in to its own, and to be in the presence of that kind of knowledge was pretty interesting. All kind of political and social assurances aside. I enjoyed being in the room where things were being done. I like to know what's going on.

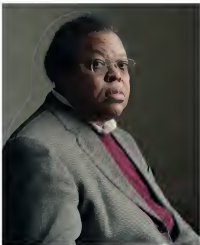
Pat Thomas/Paul Rogers/Paul Lawrence "Untitled" FROM COMPANY 2002 (NORTON) 2010

Someone's doing some odd thing with a symbol. The thing I like about music now is that with so many of these things, the division between composed and improvised music really has gone away. So nobody can really tell by listening to this, or at least I can't, whether somebody wrote it, at least not in 1981. I like it, but I love the idea where it is. Company was in 1981. And this particular year bears on what you were saying, because Derek Bailey was mixing jazz and improv players with people from other backgrounds: Alex Salento, Buckhead and so on. Yeah, Derek started doing that around the time I was in it [Company]. When it started, you heard from people who were in different worlds. And it was very instructive. Some people couldn't understand Steve Gornford, even though they were supportive in the same field. It's a very open, very diverse person and a lot of people playing with him probably hadn't heard as much stuff from an interdisciplinary world as he had. Certainly I hadn't.

We would always say when we did these Company Works. At the end, let's all play together! And Derek would say "No, I don't want to do that. I never want. And that we would do it anyway and Derek would say, "Told you so, it didn't work." But of course it sometimes did. Maybe it works for good reasons and maybe it works for bad reasons. The bad reason is that you all know what you're going to play and you're just repeating stuff you've already been doing. The good reason is that maybe you've figured out some methodology for creating in new ways, some unlikely method which is fairly stable, but is open enough to allow change to happen, which allows you to create change on a stage, and I think a little bit of both is on the wind there.

Paul Rutherford "Bodivier" FROM 2003 (1971) 2020

It's hard to hear the trombone play, because he's kind of covered up by the electronic AEs, then the trombone coming through now. Did Paul play a lot with electronics? It is hard. With Lawrence Cassenly? Yes, and Richard Davis on the processing. Lawrence has also been doing all this wonderful work with Evan [Parker] as well, and I've been listening to it for a long time. These digital things



are so good now, you don't know which one is the real Paul. If it's a real-time thing, he could have recorded Paul a year ago, or he could be installing him right now. Paul might have played one thing and might be sitting down in a chair right now. One thing that's important about this kind of work is that it doesn't obscure who the individual is, like a lot of work around right now. Lawrence likes the idea of these virtual personalities that emerge and get placed in conflict and conversations. I think it's very exciting. I made an edgy machine years ago where you could do lots of delays and time-space items, and the longest delay was like 600 million years. I just wanted to see just how ridiculously extreme you could get with it and how many different delays you could make. I kind of like independent sentences. I've never been good at processing other people, but I would like to build a machine that could do it better than me.

The thing we're not talking about is Paul. He was a very generous individual, a very warmhearted person, he was a great musician and super trombone player, and he helped me at a very important point to develop a different sound, something I'd just making a couple of records. I met him at the Berlin Jazz Festival in 1996 or 1997, and then I got to play with him near the end of his life when we did the Globe Unity Orchestra concert [in 2006], which has just come out [in an Intakt]. He devoted his whole life to music, but I do get the sense there were some incredible frustrations in his

life. There was an element, but was never a cynic, which is where scholars go when it gets over. Maybe with a little cynicism, he would have had a better defense against the world.

Luciano Berio "Sequenza V" (for trombone)

FROM SEQUENZE (DIECIESTE SEQUENZE) 1975, REC. 1988

It could be Sir Stewart [Dampier] playing it, the Sequenza. No? It's not Vivaldi [Gibellini] either? No, Barney Shubin, from France. He's one of the greatest trombone players of the age, certainly in a New Music context. The maestro, plus he's really quite an intellectual, a little electronic and technology side. It's a homage to Greek the clown.

I find that part of it the least interesting, because it's the vaudeville view of the trombone—where, when you need to go for broad humor, you bring on someone who pretends to play a trombone, or maybe they do play it. I never found that place the most exciting. It certainly did highlight a lot of the ideas that Berio took from jazz, which he was quite familiar with and was quite good at playing, so a perfect fit. It's a clever game, if you will.

This gets us into the various types of binary which I think is getting hard, but I can see the political reasons for it, particularly in the European theatre of operations, where you had this fight over who was going to represent high culture, New Music trying to emerge but being hemmed in by first foreign music and then black music, and how race

enters into all these pictures all the time, even if it's denied. And in that environment, it becomes important to oppose. But that opposition doesn't work, and what happened later was that another generation began to fold this music in along with other streams of New Music, and the fight is elsewhere now. Whereas in America the idea that blacks were composing was looked at as being about a color to New Music's openness. The attitude was, "We're the composers, not you ones!" In that environment, the composing binary didn't have a lot of force. What we were looking for, at least in the AACM, was hybrid situations, where we saw both sides of the debate and other things besides. There was no reason to reject anything because it came to in this or that culture. The idea was to invade areas that were presumed to be not our territory or where people were holding up little signs against us— "White" and "Colored" [drinking] leathery or whatever. We had to overcome that.

London Improvisers Orchestra "Fire In The Air"

FROM THE RECORD (DRAKE) 2000

Is somebody conducting? OK, yes, somebody is definitely conducting.

Yes, the place is "orchestrated and conducted by"

Philippe Wacziarg. How can you tell?

Certain kinds of advice that occur in concert are hard to organize if someone isn't conducting in the front. My goal over the years has been to produce these kinds of scenes without a conductor and it's what I've been trying to do with The Chicago Improvisers Orchestra, very much influenced by The London Improvisers Orchestra and very affected by the jazz concept they gave a while back—about have been meeting with all those people up there. I wish I could have seen that.

My experience with conducting goes back quite a long way. Michael Richard Abrams would do these conducted improvising things with various versions of the AACM big bands, that would have been anywhere from 1971 to 1975. Jim said there were other people doing it. Hansot Tappan was probably doing it. Then the person of Burt Williams was that he could find this position in a sort of formal gesture that represented certain activities that improvisers could do and of course gave it a name: conduction, a great ironic name that could really come out of the African-American signifying space. So that was another theory. He looks at you with this head task like you're not paying attention, and his eyes get so intense. He's so excited, it's intimidating. But you learn to pay intense attention. I was there at the very beginning, before it was called conduction. Why don't I write it? Well, I'm interested in lateral intelligence and self-organizing systems and non-command means of expression. Coming out of computer music and at least the way I build them, they can't really stop, so you can't conduct them. Paul I have my eyes shut when I play, so a bomb could go off and I wouldn't know. □ To hear an audio clip from the *Sequenza*, go to www.intakt.co.uk

Revenge of the nerds

Pingponging between witty songs and playing it straight, crate-digging London quintet **Hot Chip**'s sophisticated urban electronic music draws on everything from minimal Techno to R&B and Puerto Rican reggaeton. Words: Dave Stelfox. Photography: Tara Darby

It's early morning on a chill December day, the venue an austere studio in East London where Hot Chip are rehearsing the first of several days' worth of photo shoots and interviews. Despite the hour, Alexis Taylor, Joe Goddard, Oliver Clarke, Felix Martin and Al Doyle are all standing cooperatively in front of the camera. Obeying instructions, they turn face on, in profile and then take steps, arranged as if for a school portrait. While this really are changed and lighting efficient, the group wistfully walk across the room in search of coffee.

Then, thanks to a plastic bag full of joke-shop dog-eared, a transformation takes place. Donning fake moustaches, comedy wigs and boggie-eyed springy spectacles, these five men, all in their late twenties, begin to laugh like children. As ridiculous as this sight is, it's also extremely apt, the contrasting silliness of the setting and the goofiness of the newcomers edging to a perfect metaphor for Hot Chip's work: pop music that bridges the gap between the silly and the serious, the mainstream and the indieish.

This appears to have been their aim ever since Goddard and Taylor met at Eton Comprehensive school in Putney—strongly enough also the same master of Puer's: Kevin Michler, now folk musician Astrin and anonymous disc-jockey producer Funk!—as two musically obsessed kids.

As Taylor explains, the rest of the group coalesced around them over the course of several years. "We all get together as friends," he says. "Joe and I met when we were 18 and have been making music together in one way or another since then. We write together and both play a lot of the instruments, so our creative process has always been quite fluid and that's just extended itself to the way the rest of the members joined us, too."

Clarke got in on the ground floor, attending the same school and hanging out with his mates who discuss wine over "Down comes from each nose of a visual into background and that gives him a really interesting approach to sound," Taylor adds. After a couple of years, Goddard headed off to Oxford University and Taylor to Cambridge, where he met drum machine specialist Martin. When Felix lost persuasion Rob Smeaton left. Martin was the natural replacement: in fact Hot Chip may be one of the best-educated outfits around, comprising four Oxbridge graduates and Clarke, who studied in Bath.

Doyle was introduced to the rest by Martin a year

or so later. "Al is the most musical person I've ever known," Martin says. "You just put an instrument in front of him and even if he's not trained it before, you can pretty much guarantee that he'll be playing it within five minutes. As soon as I met him, I knew I wanted to work with him... so it's fortunate that everyone started, too."

Getting how comfortably the group members communicate, leaving such comments to face seems to follow from the band policy. The story doesn't also branch into the members' respective roles, with everyone taking on a variety of instruments, from synths to guitars, and also contributing vocals. Still, Hot Chip's core remains the production and song-writing team of Taylor and Goddard, whose experiences and overall aesthetic have shaped the group's identity.

While their debut album *Coming On Strong*—released on the Music Machine label in 2004, presented a loopy and often downright homage to hip-hop and R&B, Goddard admits that 2005's *Hot Chip* follow-up *The Warmest* was "heavily influenced by two-step Garage in many ways, especially as far as certain textures. I was trying to create." Given this, it's possible to categorise both as 'white' records, but not in the way that the three is often used. For all the influence street music has had to bear on Hot Chip, their driving narrative is of growing up white and nerdy in the leafier environs of the British capital. Drawing from an unapologetically postmodern and reticently middle-class cultural palette, their music can fortify post-punk's modern American. Inevitably with Britz. Soft hip-hop, English folk on their first EP *Mezzanine*, at least with electronic dance music and characteristically hooks with the hyperbolic misquoting of Terry Riley. In this sense they are perhaps the quintessential London unit.

"There's not something that not many people have picked up on, but there's definitely some truth in it," says Taylor. "All of us apart from Al, who's from Leeds, are from London and have lived most of our lives here. There's a certain sense of humor and liberality in our music that comes from here and the diversity of means in this city is a huge influence on us... things like dance V-bass and two-step Garage, hip-hop and other music from around the world all fit this big melting pot. It's a place where it's possible to grow up in a traditionally indie background but still end up getting exposed to all sorts of different things

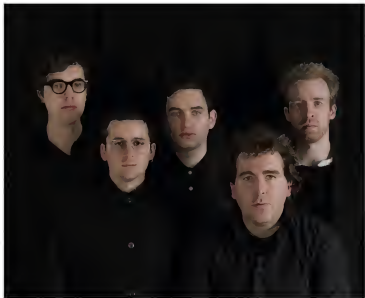
by osmosis, just walking down the street. The strange thing is that most of the music I've really loved personally is American, from soul and funk to R&B and Country. It's just that when we reference it, it's done as Londoners. Then again, I suppose it's quite obvious that a British person would hear hip-hop quite differently to the way someone from New York would."

Golden eras? "I have a great nostalgia for the history of London club music and feel privileged to have been able to live through so many great moments. I'm very proud of that and in terms of rhythms that turn up in our records, all those influences are there. People like Prince, Weezer and Sade are all incredibly important to me, but by the same account, so are bands like Fugate and Pavement. This feeling of taking part in that lineage of club music, going out and immersing myself in it, is more than just an influence, though. It's a real relationship now. I talk to Serge and Demos and they come to our shows sometimes, which is fantastic because I love what they're doing and it's great that they see some common ground in the music we're making. It's all part of what living in this city is about, making these connections."

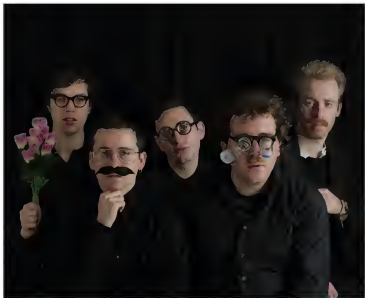
Another way that these links with club culture are maintained is in Hot Chip's work as members of other acts. So far the group has racked up an impressive catalogue of studio work for a bewildering range of artists, from La Tigra to Kraftwerk and Queens Of The Stone Age. Then to their versatile recording and stage roles, these duties are undertaken on an ad hoc basis, according to whoever wants to approach the task most.

"As far as members are concerned we work differently every time," explains Taylor. "Again Joe and myself have done lots of more as a pair, but lately Joe has taken on a lot more of the work alone. For example, he did the new work of Amy Winehouse's "Rabbit" entirely on his own. Then again neither he nor I had anything to do with the Hot Chip remix of James Lavelle's "Mystery," which Felix and Al did. We all have our different areas of interest and sometimes it just makes sense for one or two of us to take on a song."

These personal interests make Hot Chip an extraordinarily difficult outfit to keep up with, let alone categorise. In addition to Goddard's recent work, he also scripted the group's recent livealbum



Wet Chip in London, December 2017. Left to right: Felix Martin, Alex Taylor, Ben Clarke, Joe Sedford, Al Brice



"Pop is not a dirty word. Some of the most complex and revolutionary music has been in some way part of the mainstream. You don't have to be a purist on either side of the fence" ALEXIS TAYLOR

of Studio 107's DJ Kicks series and is working on a forthcoming album with British rapper Dale, who approached him by sending an on-air message to Hot Chip's Myspace page. Taylor is collaborating on a new project with Sonic Youth's Garry Shindler; Clarke is a graphic designer and actor, responsible for all of Hot Chip's sleeves; Martin Dax and records with Doyle as casual techno set Linerix; meanwhile multi-instrumentalist and classically trained artist Doyle also fills in as live guitarist for LCD SoundSystem. Rather than being seen as a hindrance, though, such activities are encouraged and can be viewed as part of their success.

As Martin says: "Myself and Al are both really into techno – people like Jeff Smeall and the stuff that comes out on the Team Label. It's important for me to be able to address that in my own work because long instrumental compositions are not as relevant when you're involved in making an album of three-minute pop songs. When you work with a band misunderstanding a sense of your own musical identity helps to keep things fresh within the group. As we're all involved in different things, and thanks to Joe and Alexis being such a great songwriting team, there are always plenty of ideas around and the work is never dry when it comes to finding new material."

The approach has certainly paid off so far, resulting in massive critical accolade, a growing following – no doubt boosted by their energetic live performances and the 2006 hit single "Over O' Over" – and a 2006 Mercury Music Prize nomination for *The Warning*. Luckily this steady rise in exposure has not placed undue pressures on Hot Chip's latest album. Possibly their most uncompromising work yet, *Made in the Dark* sees the quartet exploring a punchier, more urgent and pared-back sound that blends IDM, techno, House and R&B-disco with occasional touches of dark R&B and very softcore retro-guitar pop. Typically, it is as witty and vulnerable as anything they have produced before, but also reveals an increased thoughtful side. Gone are the self-deprecating free-baz-baz poses of "The Warning." ("Hot Chip will break your legs/Smile off your head") and the obvious comedy of *Dancing Go Rhythms* ("Playboy" / "Delvin" / "My Phugos'2002" / nine with the chrome new-funk) and *He Is The King*). Instead, there's the constantly upbeat melancholy of the New Order-style "One Pure Thought." ("What if I don't remember/Make my living so much better/I could have just one part through it") and the little trickiest seductive acceptance of a broken relationship ("Every night the motion could be fixed by a gleeful dance be careful what's fixed as one break is too"). It also represents a satisfying of two previously separate facets of the group. "In many ways we can feel like two different bands. Hot Chip live and Hot

Chip in the studio," says Doyle. "That's because what we do in each place is quite different. The way Joe produces music for our records is really intimate, but in a live context you need things to be a little tougher and stripped down. We've been a lot of that lately and I think we've found some things a lot more on this album than it ever has before."

"We've done things slightly differently on this album in as much as several of the tracks were made as a whole band," says Taylor. "The emphasis of it was much more on recording a whole performance. 'Outta The Raster', 'Hold On' and 'One Pure Thought' were all made that way. We just got together and laid them down in one go, then added a few little touches to them. There's been much more involvement from everyone else at every stage this time. The initial intent was to feel things more like we were working as a group and I think that it's been successful."

Little has changed in terms of Goddard's production environment, though. Both previous albums were mainly recorded in his home as a rudimentary studio set-up and, for the most part, these DIY strategies remain in place to this day.

"I still work in almost exactly the same way I worked when we first began making music," he says. "I first got Cubase when I was 17 and I'm still using it now – and I'm still making things in my bedroom, quite simply. Over two thirds of the new album was made like that."

"As someone who's very aware of and interested in music production and its history I do sometimes think, 'What are you still doing this for?' You're meant to be a professional." I'll start considering buying loads of new kit or waiting in a big studio for a while, but then I'll think about as much as Joe and Lee Poy using a four-track set-up, or hip-hop producers like Diamond D using an MPC and a mixer, and still making great little music. That's where you realise that it's not about having the latest computer, the best software or looking the best recording space. It's about ideas and doing something new and different."

Goddard's words point to Hot Chip's growing self-awareness and willingness to combine ever more incongruous elements in their work. He continues: "We're much more confident these days and while there was a small sense of pressure to make sure this album had a few catchy songs, a real aim was only to reinstate a huge wealth of music that we're interested in. A lot of the songs that Alexis has been writing over the past 12 months are quite simple and gentle. They needed to feature strongly, but we're also got other tracks with beats that owe debts to minimal techno, Puerto Rican reggaeton, US R&B producers like The Notorious and lots more."

"The really exciting bit about the record has that kind

of range and scope, but it's not easy to believe in yourself enough to throw all these things into the mix when you're just starting out. One of the biggest inspirations for me lately has been playing with Tigris, which we've done several times in the last year. She's a very uncompromising artist and really does what she wants. Seeing the way she really does playing only techno up against a cello and strings and including all this mix of disparate elements in one show, or even one song, made me think that we've really got to approach our music in a similar way."

At the heart of this conviction is a total lack of pretence combined with a genuine passion for music in all its many guises, from new to rock and punk to classic. Unfortunately this obsession with Hot Chip's well-developed ability to laugh at themselves have periodically seen them broadcast as ironic and, worse yet, fashionable. According to Martin, though, nothing could be further from the truth.

"It often feels like people think we've put some kind of distance with all game having, but that's not really us. That world doesn't have much to do with what we're about. In fact we're not that cool at all," he says.

This is easy to believe, given the approachability of Hot Chip themselves and their work. While smart and frequently surprising, their music has provided a refreshing sense of honesty and wit. The characters make the group extraordinarily accessible and, crucially, not just to a mass audience. It's actually possible to consider Hot Chip to be on a dual mission: one that, rather than simply shaking away genre references in through the minimalist's back door, also smuggles a little pop into the lives of traditionally left of centre listeners.

Taylor seems to agree, laughing good-naturedly at the idea that such artistry and inspiring cultural dreams should exist in her place. "Pop is not a dirty word," he says. "Some of the most complex and revolutionary music has been in some way part of the mainstream. You don't have to be a purist on either side of the fence. Son File is a great example of this because he started out by arranging old-school songs, then went out in a completely different and much more difficult direction later in his career."

The thing was that even though the music he was making then could be described as more demanding, it was still heavily influenced by the popular music he was listening around in his house and Sonic Youth provided the fluoride of that, making space for mainstream audiences, but is a generally sophisticated way I guess I feel that what we're trying to do. We want people to hear the work and the work that's involved in what we do, but still be able to dance to it, too." □ *Made in the Dark* is out this month as EMI

Hide in



Sightings (left to right): Richard Hoffman, Mark Berger, Jon Locks

Working with producer Andrew WK, Brooklyn trio Sightings have emerged from beneath the heavy clouds of distortion that fugged up their earlier records with their fierce vision intact. Words: Marc Masters. Photography: Michael Schmelling

"If all of our records had been produced in the same way, people might see that a lot of the things going on in this one were actually going on before!" says Richard Hoffman, bassist for Brooklyn trio Sightings. Hoffman is discussing their recent album, *Through The Process*, which was created at the biggest studio they have entered to date, New Jersey's Water Music. By contrast, most of their previous efforts were made in a four-track recorder in their precise space, resulting in intense, spoken-word noise. *Process* is even spacier, with each sound more clearly audible. Yet Sightings' essential elements—muscular rhythms, dissonances that bleed into each other and a constant, dynamic tension—remain firmly in place. "The improved sound quality allowed us to do a greater exploration of the sounds," Hoffman continues. "As opposed to what we do as a four-track, where it's really more about compressing everything and getting a unified sound out of the band. [This time] we could be more three-dimensional. We could get lower lows, higher highs, more vibrant parts, the so-called parts."

Sightings began their move toward noisier space and clarity on their first proper studio album, 2004's *Arrived in Gold*. Rather than make their music

drier or more sterile, this change has added wildness and intensity. "I thought the best band of the late '80s was US Maple, and they proved that you can barely play and still create maximum tension," explains Hoffman. "Power is not just about volume and the number of notes you can play." "There is always a lot of something going on with us and it's also that that can be heard now and recognized," adds drummer Jon Locks. "It's always been there, it's just that the higher fidelity allows it to be more in the forefront, as opposed to just the mess of the sounds going on."

That Sightings actually write songs might surprise anyone familiar with raging albums like their 2002 DIY debut *Sightings* and 2003's *Michigan Heats*. But even as those records' organization is evident beneath the group's wiry riffs, it may take multiple listens to uncover these patterns, but the statistics supporting the music's at-home skin is undeniable. And while Sightings' sound can stretch into abstract noise, their approach is decidedly rock-based: just guitar, bass, drums and vocals, with some of the laptops or laptops as shown in pictures and movies often found in the noise scene. "We've always been pretty defiant that we are a rock band," insists

plain sight



punkers and singer Mark Morgan. "I refuse to go into a solo ghetto. That doesn't interest me at all. And I don't think any of us really listen to what people would call noise records. I always thought of Sightings as a weird rock band." "We're trying to have melody lines and heavy beats," concurs Lodge. "It doesn't come across as pop music necessarily, but in terms of the song forms, I think that's what we're aiming for."

That goal was achieved on *Through The Phenoms* with the production help of someone familiar with both noise and pop: Andrew WK. In the late '80s before his seismic head rock made him famous, WK crashed on a couch in Morgan's Brooklyn apartment, and the two have been friends ever since. Indeed, Sightings are named after a fictional group that appeared in WK's early fanzine, *Wolf 359*. "Andrew wanted us to try being a little more pop-oriented," recalls Hoffman. "'Perforated' is a good example. It originally wasn't an A-B-A-B but Andrew encouraged us to try it that way, and the taking where we did were really the best ones." In addition, WK's knowledge of Pro Tools editing software helped the group craft each tune with precision. It also allowed them to carefully dissect tracks out of studio

improvements to complement the album's more structured tracks. "Clover Root," for instance, includes Morgan and WK banging away together on a piano, but the sound is so altered by editing and mixing that it's nearly unrecognizable. "We could get more into the little sonic detail work of pulling out sounds and placing them in different places and running things through plug-ins," says Morgan. "I don't think we went too overboard, but we definitely spent a lot of time on little things here and there. I remember Andrew was laughing that I was so obsessed with tiny details in a guitar. I would listen on one-second parts being removed and he was asking us that I would care that much about those things."

Morgan's singing on *Through The Phenoms* is cool and reserved, practically meditative compared to his previous grubsticker-for-livelihood howls. That style fitted the group's fragile mood at the time, and here, his vocals are a somber-blue chest that lodge into step with the wisest chill of the music. Ironically, that match was a result of studio separation. "There's only one song in which the vocals were done live with the music; everything else is overdubbed," admits Morgan. "I think

that's why the vocals are so deadpan. Because no matter how rocking the song is, you feel like a steel hammer alone in this room. It's kind of unnatural and weird. And the sicker I get, the more I have no desire to be screaming my head off. I don't even know what I would scream about at this point. Maybe I partially feel disaffected, but I don't feel like 'Fuck you, screw it' or anything like that."

Sightings began in 1997 when Morgan responded to a flyer Lodge had posted in search of playing partners. The two jammed with various musicians for about a year, before Morgan spotted another flyer posted by Hoffman. "It didn't have a list of obscure rock heroes, but it had The Six, Minutemen, Aphex Twin," recalls Morgan. "I thought, 'This guy is obviously into more different stuff than your average whatever rock dude.'" Hoffman had recently moved from Providence, where he was in *Glow Work* with future Marquee guitarist Brian Sullivan. "I wanted to play with a guitar player [in New York], but not with somebody who played normal chords or scales," Hoffman says. "I wanted somebody who did something kind of demented and Mark was just the right guy."



"We spent a lot of time in the beginning of the band talking about ideas and trading CDs/looks on music," he continues. "I was really fascinated with the new sound of records like *Killjoy* by Einstürzende Neubauten, and Mark was really into trashy records like the *Killed By Death* compilations. I've just always loved avant-garde music where it's good. Mark also turned me onto a lot of the minimal Techno stuff that references the vibe of *Amorim* in *disco*. Since we basically like all styles of music, there is a pretty broad scope of things that can come in. Like, some of our early tracks were my idea of playing ham-fisted, untrained modern classical music."

With their lineup set, *Slight Steps* quickly employed extreme levels of energy and volume. "At that point, I was kind of leaning away on the drums," confesses Lofgren. "I didn't have a specific thing I was imitating, I was just trying to play as fast as I could!" "We were writing those very short, fast tracks," contends Hoffman. "and I was overplaying and blowing my arm out, so I could barely make it through the setlist!" That athletic approach punkifies to this day. Lofgren and Hoffman seem to launch their entire bodies into each other, pluck and snare hit, creating a stage presence that's as hypokinetic as the resulting sounds. "It's definitely physically taxing," states Lofgren. "I'm usually really exhausted at the end of a show, just sweaty and tired and out of it for a while." "We both do a lot of things, like working out and practicing a lot, that are specifically aimed at keeping our bodies in shape to do this," says Hoffman. "One of the definite goals in *Slight Steps* is to come off as being physical and have that kind of visual impact for the audience."

Early on, athleticism was sometimes all that cemented *Slight Steps* through their acts. "We used to be notorious for playing stinker shows," admits Hoffman. "The first band was a disaster really,"

agrees Morgan. "We were a fucking mess. It was almost embarrassing." The group solved their live dilemma by improvising spontaneously, though improvisation remains a factor in even their most structured songs. Now, *Slight Steps* shows are often a transfusing display with Lofgren spilling sweat onto his hybrid acoustic-electronic drum kit, Hoffman swinging his bass like a weightlifter, and Morgan inhaling the mic in a closed-eyed frenzy. In keeping with their streaking of modern-day lines, their act is just as powerful for noise addicts as it is for basementers as it is in front of indie rock crowds on more formal stages. "We just tend to excel when we have a plan," says Hoffman. "Too much freedom, it doesn't necessarily work for us. It works better to know where we're headed." "Part of me doesn't really believe that improvisation truly exists. It's almost impossible for you not to recycle things that you've worked on before," says Morgan. "But regardless of that point, there are still times where I get to go heywain, or do something weird. We're playing the same theme every time we play a song, but it can definitely sound different each time."

Morgan's role is not quite as physical as that of his partners, but his brooding, brittle guitar sound has a visceral effect. Its explosive middle grew out of an obsession with the high end of the sonic spectrum. "I've always wanted something really over the top and trebly," he recalls. "I remember being ten years old and seeing that U2 *Live At Red Rocks* video, and being excited by The Edge's trebly guitar sound, in no respect, that guy's kind of a role model it was a second I instantly gravitated towards." Morgan conquered the challenge of finding his guitar voice early but the conundrum of how to fit his overexposed sheen inside other sonic elements has taken longer to solve. "This is the first band I've been in and at first I didn't have any sensitivity to playing with other people," he confesses. "Used to



"I don't think the motivation has ever been to trick the listener – it's to explore your own instrument and get more out of it than the norm" EDVARD HOFFMAN

just blast, blast, blast and I didn't have a firm grip on putting in spins. It's been a long, slow journey to get to that. I'm sure some people would say: 'What is this guy talking about?' It's still like this eternal blast the whole way through.' And I don't blame them for thinking that, but I try to put little things here and there, add little details."

Fitting musical pieces together is crucial to Sighting's sound, but not in the traditional sense of players seeking riffs for each other. They have always focused on overlapping and weaving something which instrument is doing what is often impossible. "I don't think the motivation has ever been to trick the listener," explains Hoffman. "It's to explore your own instrument and get more out of it than the norm. I think we first started finding our voice in the summer of 2005, when we started writing the *Alfonso* Hertz material. That's when Jon added electronic pads to his drum set and I got this really early Japanese envelope filter, and we all started getting into different sounds. So I think it's just happened in the course of trying to push the instruments to different places, more so than being wilfully obscure." Even as Sighting's songs have become more spacious and their albums more clearly rendered, this atmosphere of play has persisted. "At our last practice, a sound I made on one of the pads sounded like something Mark had done on guitar, and at another point I heard my bass sound bleeding in with Richard's," says Lodie. "If anything, there's more confusion, more blending of the lines."

Such cross-pollination keeps Sighting's creative progression organic. Though changes are evident on each album, approaches are never played in advance. "A lot of times records are just results of a moment," says Morgan. "I have some rough ideas in my head before each record, but I'm really bad at describing what I want. A lot of times that

will produce something that's nothing like what I was imagining, but still new or different." In fact, Hoffman doubts Sighting's could even determine the next step if they tried, due to the insistence on cross overlap. "It's not so easy for us to push in a certain direction because none of us really sublimates what we each do," he asserts. "I'll play something simple and it sounds good, but I won't play something simple just for the sake of not getting in the way. It doesn't work for a few persons to have a shared idea and for the other two to just veto it. We need have to have something individually that we're excited about and hope it fits together. So we have to get lucky with converging a little bit."

Through the *Parade* has only been out a few months, but much has transpired for Sighting's since its creation in late 2005. Since then, Morgan moved to Michigan, and the group didn't play together again until his return to New York this past spring. In the interim, Hoffman and Lodie formed a group with self-proclaimed members Caleb Cook and Caitlin Martin, called Wakey Wakey (an LP on Heavy Tapes is imminent). "While Mark was gone, our playing improved quite a bit," says Hoffman. "With Caleb and Caitlin, I was filling up more space, and Jon was as well. It's always good to play with a lot of people. They push you in directions that you haven't gone before."

At the same time, Morgan performed solo guitar in Michigan, something he's continued to do since returning to New York. "I got into loops heavily," he says. "They were almost like my drum machine. I would lay down a rhythm with them and then stack layers on top. Lately, I've been using that in the band a lot and I don't know whether I would've been doing that stuff if I hadn't done it playing solo." Morgan has considered recording an album of these guitar meditations at the behest of Brooklyn's label

Fuection, but "to be honest with you, I'm really lazy," he confesses with a laugh, confessing "I'll probably take five years to get around to it. I need that deadline of being in a band with two other people, because if I want to play myself I would never get anything done. But I know that two other people are waiting on me to be at practice and show up and that gets my ass in gear."

Though Sighting's toured America since after Morgan's return, the transition back to fully functioning ensemble has not been entirely smooth. "It definitely took a while for us to get on the same page," admits Lodie. "Richard and I were writing slower songs in slower time signatures while Mark was gone, and stuff like that doesn't necessarily work when all three of us are playing. We had to deal with simplifying our parts, so it's not just this subconscious mess." Hoffman agrees, adding "For the first few months, there was this sense that everybody was overplaying and not really listening to one another. It's taken a little time to get everyone to tone down and fit together in a useful way."

For Sighting's, the difference between productivity and busyness is near impossible to determine, but they have clearly embraced this musical process, and are committed to riding its peaks and battling through its troughs. "I'm not sure if right now we're there and we'll rise there, or we'll just write a few songs and then go through a few months of not really writing anything new," says Lodie. "It's all that usual ups and downs," adds Morgan. "I don't want to sound too presumptuous, but I'm really excited about the material we're working on right now. Some of it is completely faded away and I don't even know what the fuck it's referring to. I'm not saying we're completely free of influence, it would be insane to say such a thing. But we just play now, and see what happens. And that to me is really great." □ Though the *Parade* is set now on Cold Chisel Sighting's music, go to www.sighting.net to

Dislocation

Sasu Ripatti is electronica's omni-musician, releasing hyperreal House as *Luomo*, while fracturing the groove in his decentred abstract guises *Vladislav Delay* and *Uusitalo*. In Berlin, the Finnish technocrat explains how jazz drumming and teenage research trips to New York and Jamaica shaped his earliest work, and why he's reached a turning point in his career. Words: Philip Sherburne
Photography: Kai von Rabenau

"I lost my faith quite a long time ago," says Sasu Ripatti, speaking at his home in Berlin, "so I try to take advantage of everything that's available. I don't have any great idealism. I know we're waiting a bit for anything, so I check everything in and just hope for the best. Just try it all."

Ripatti is a multimedia Ambient-dub/Techno producer who more commonly goes under the aliases *Vladislav Delay*, *Luomo* and *Uusitalo*, is known for his intense domesticity, so you could be forgiven for not realising that he's only talking about his live set, which is a side-gigging, major overhead. He's raring the method he's relied upon for three years. It's a well-timed performance incorporating two laptops played in parallel, one playing predominantly rhythms, the other loaded with voices and stripes of sound, melody and atmosphere, that he's repositioned for all his identities. "I was a little bit up with the whole thing and not for the first time," he confesses. "It takes you somewhere for a year or two, and you investigate all the possibilities, but with technology you can reach a limit. Maybe a roll-out, or maybe you're just bored and you want to have an easy way out."

A few months ago, that very act became not an option but an imperative, when a last-minute booking had Ripatti scheduled to play a gig at Madrugada within a matter of weeks—with no live set prepared. "I've been coming closer to my background as a percussionist and a drummer, getting more instrument-again," he muses. "So I thought, 'Fuck it. I'm going to bring those instruments to a live setting.' Bringing on contact microphones as the best way to fuse the electronic and acoustic worlds. It wasn't an easy move to make: he goes up to a long-held position against the back, an irrational fear of them as "just some dirty, noisy thing." Only after typing "contact microphones" into Google and researching the device did he get over his prejudices. When the word order and he finally arrived from America, their goal was obvious.

"I have some weird metal percussion instruments with contact mics attached, and when I touch them it doesn't necessarily sound like anything acoustic at all. I was surprised to find that it gives you something you can't get from only using analogue or digital hardware. It's physical. The physicality is the keyword, I think. You can meet immediately, you don't have to program anything—you just hit something. That's what I've been missing in six years of doing electronics—that I can hit something and there's no latency, no software error, no processing. You hit something and that's it, a sound comes out."

Immediately might not be the first thing that comes to mind when you think of Ripatti's work. If anything, his music is known for being noticeably oblique, given to a uniquely charming instability where shuffling dub and House beats dissolve into a vaporous spray of analog electronics. *Vladislav Delay* albums, *Anima*, for instance, is an hour-long sprawl of tidal rhythms and binary cracks, all recorded in one blumy day of feature improvisation. Even his most straightforward music, released as *Luomo*, feels like a visit to the point of disintegration. Ripatti, who grew up as a student of jazz drumming, arguably deserves as much credit as anyone for the unending, wistful cadence that higher-profile artists like Ricardo Villalobos have adopted in their redefinition of Techno as a liquid vocabulary. Talking to Ripatti—whose shyness I've seen abate only after six years of occasional interviews and social encounters—immediacy, or directness, might not be his forte. But sound absolutely is. And it's here that he's made his mark. Bored, shape-shifting and staying power.

For someone who suffered five heart attacks before finishing his third decade, Sasu Ripatti has had a remarkably productive six years. Under five different aliases—along with *Vladislav Delay*, *Luomo* and *Uusitalo*, there have been the lesser-known *Särlä* and *Conero*—he's turned out some 13 albums, another dozen or so singles or EPs, numerous



dance





nomies and a collaborative project, *AGF Delay*, with Andy Green, his romantic and creative partner (and the mother of their infant daughter), who records her own material as AGF. (She is also a member of the graced Leeds and the producer of Berlin rapper Gato.)

It's not just a matter of numbers, though. Ripatti's producers have proven some of the most groundbreaking work in a decade of electronic music, in both the fields of experimental Ambient and "proper" club music. And at a moment when the industry is in freefall, experimental dance music often seems an oasis, while the album format itself looks all but doomed. Ripatti has never been more productive: The period between 2005 and 2007 saw the emergence of two new albums each from Vladoch Delay and Unifolk, one more from Latture and numerous single and releases — all released on Ripatti's own Myspace Recordings, the independent label he founded in 1997 and revived only after a bad experience with a major label almost derailed her career.

Ripatti grew up in the north of Finland, in a small city in a very rural area, "where people do not talk much," as he puts it. His own demeanor bears out that characterization. He reserves his sharpest wit for the reputation for being aloof, though he insists that "shy" or "introverted" would be a better word. Even after attaining early success, he says, "I always felt like an outsider." Slowly he's not hesitating to discover that he lives in the same apartment building as Pan Sonic's Mika Vainio, another infamously reclusive Finn. The son of two writers, Ripatti was surrounded at an early age by authors, artists and musicians. At five years old, his parents gave him a drum set and that, as he describes it, was "the best." As a kid, he says, "I was determined to become the world's greatest jazz drummer, but I realized it wouldn't be possible to do that in Finland." Around 15 or 16 years old, he went to New York for the first time, alone and on his own dime. In search of jazz, but the city failed to live up to his teenage expectations. Despite having tracked down "the hottest shit" in town, he says, "I could see that even in New York, jazz wasn't what I expected it to be. I was always nostalgic for the 60s. Miles Davis, all that shit. I'm still dying for that."

Disillusioned by his New York — and so doubt, coloured by adolescent cynicism and a naive psychic disquiet — Ripatti returned to Finland and promptly dropped out, he says. "I decided, fuck it, and I started listening lots of drugs, smoking for my answer. It was a shock knowing that what I always wanted to do wasn't possible any more." After hailing up in Helsinki for a time, his search took him to Jersey, looking for "input."

"I had been into reggae before," he explains, "but there I really got into dub and dancehall." For fans of Ripatti's various projects, the Caribbean connection is key. It's hard to imagine any of his more groggy tracks without their familiar dubby underpinnings and fizzing backbeats. Even his most futuristic, Ambient New York like *Kung Tatoo* under an electric rain canopy, with drum hits and drops of delay merged until they resemble gritty lunar landscapes. Certainly, his Swedish reggae investigations brought him closer to the dubwise Chain Reaction crew, who in 1999 and 2000 would release two solo EPs under his Vladoch Delay alias, collected as the CD album *Multiples*.

"What's a little bit sad is that you can only do it once, make music innocently in a style you have no clue about, not to care about details and just do what you like. I wish I could have appreciated that a bit more"

But Ripatti downplays the importance of the trip, which seems in retrospect to have funded and made his spiritual quest. Returning to Finland, a poet began to suggest itself. It was the mid-80s, and the tools for electronic music production were evolving rapidly. Between his ocean work and his occasional collaboration with other local musicians, with whom he attempted a naive brand of tripping, he was aware of the existence of clubbing. If not its intricacies. In contrast, he glimpsed the promise of independence.

"When I came back from Jamaica I was using lots of drugs, so I wasn't feeling too cleverly," he admits. "One day I sold all my possessions. I had a big suitcase and I sold everything, and I bought a very simple hardware sequencer and a MIDI module. I didn't know anything. I just entered the shop and said, 'I want to make some music, give me something.' I really wasn't thinking too much. I just thought, 'make it!'"

He slowly began assembling a rudimentary kit of primitive analogue gear, just enough to begin tinkering what he based in his mind into something tangible, worked out in endless sessions of experimentation and reuse. "When I realised I could make music by myself, it was a revelation," he recalls. "I was staying up a lot, for many days at a time, just figuring stuff out for myself. I didn't know anything about electronic music, and I didn't know anything about the machine. For maybe a year, it was a quiet dark period. I was really not otherwise, just trying to figure it all out."

What's most intriguing about Ripatti's intention later the world of electronic music is that until his first, self-released records he had almost no connection to the European underground scene of the mid-80s, despite a country parallel between his own autodidactic work and the fertile soil of experimental techno then being developed by Berliners like the Basic Channel/Chaos Reaction collective. "I was working in a vacuum, an absolute vacuum," he says. "I wasn't going out anywhere. I was just staying here being isolated and just trying to do music. I thought I was still trying to do jazz. I didn't know that it should be called 'electronic music' and I didn't know that people were doing anything similar."

When Ripatti had finally gathered together a small archive of music he felt was deserving of an audience, he had a new problem: he had no idea how to find listeners. Fortunately, he says, "I know one guy who knew Jari Hulkkonen", a moderately successful Finnish house producer who hailed from Oulu, where Ripatti had grown up. With Hulkkonen's

help, he got in touch with a giant in the Finnish music world who could press up 500 copies of the record from his cassette master. Featuring two 12-minute tracks, recorded live and released as a plain white sleeve under the octo-appropriate alias Viedoties Delay, it was the first vinyl release on Ripatti's own label, Reine. (In 1998 he had launched the largest with the release of a CD under the alias Bright Future, but today he discounts the release as "just a joke, an act to catch drugs") Having secured distribution from Mind Records, an electronic music distributor run by the Finnish musician Milla Luoma, Ripatti sets the record to the hardware shop, Fortino Techno Helsinki. Despite his own position as the proprietor of the electronic music scene, self-taught and with no contact with established players or even the genre's recent history, Viedoties Delay had clearly struck a chord, and words of approval came from the likes of Basic Channel/Thomas Brinkmann and Force Inc's Ashim Shamsara. "Suddenly I was included in the electronic music field," marvels Ripatti.

Things progressed quickly. Indeed, they went so fast that it would be seven years before he found the seed to reuse Reine. In 1996, Pete Perlane and Dave Woodhouse released Viedoties Delay's first on Sigma Edition, his three long tracks, from 17 to 30 minutes apiece, proved a double counterpart to Sigma's more chrome-based work, coming closest to the visceral claim of Flaminio's "Loudness" but still through with eroded Caribbean pulses and subtle drum machine handclaps. The year also saw the release of another Viedoties Delay 12: for Thomas Brinkmann's New East Import and, more significantly, the House EP for Chaos Reaction. Using what Ripatti describes as "a very simple set-up, all analogue and so on" – including a Korg MS-10 Roland Synth, Roland TR808, an Ensoniq sampler with only a single megabyte of RAM, a hardware sequencer and "the cheapest possible" analogue delays – he turned out three meditative tracks full of searing synths and huffed edges, one with a slowly thrumming bass and another featuring an intricate Dubnobass pulse feeding upon itself. The title track, Ripatti's first foray into anything unambiguously techno, held a soured, 44-patters beneath some 16 minutes of snare and drums, setting the tone for the next phase of music release, where a few of his earliest interventions would meet popular rhythmic sensibilities head on.

2000 was a productive year. Chaos Reaction then enjoyed its heyday as one of experimental techno's most respected labels, released Muzik's and the Force Inc

offshoot Milla Peltonen brought out Viedoties Delay's untethered Orsin as well as Luoma's slightly more insistent Milla Muzon. But that year's biggest development, by far, was the launch of Luoma. Ripatti produced three 12" singles under the new alias for Peter Dink's House-oriented sub-label Force Tracks, sampling them as the alias Viedoties "The New Generation In House" produced by Viedoties Delay, read a sticker adorning the glitterball-embellished CD cover. Hyperbolic as the claim may have been, there's no denying the power of the album, which arranged squalling synthesizers, gaudy effects and resonant vocals into a series, undulating grooves stretched out to nine, 12, even 16 minutes – broad fields of swirling rhythms and sensual vocal riffs that returned a fervor in sensibility to German dance music at a time when both mainstream and sleek alternatives ruled the night. What made the project even more intriguing was that he had been working in the dark. Without dubbing, without more than a passing knowledge of the classic American House and Techno that has music most closely mirrored, he'd allowed his way into the tradition with a freedom of audacity and grace. Other artists in Europe, the UK and the United States were making similar waves of Deep House, but Ripatti's auster status had unexpected repercussions. Having been accepted by the experimental dance music underground, Ripatti managed to integrate his futuristic pop sensibility into a sound that seemed to value austerity over all else. After Matthew Herbert, Luoma did more than perhaps any artist of the turn of the decade to set the tone for roughness reminiscent of underground dance music. The answer: Instead some very unexpected bodies – even New York no longer Basic. Once word had turned to Luoma for a remix of their song "Smiling Off" in 2005, an NYC-to-Finland DFA label.

Today, Viedoties is widely hailed as a classic Ripatti. However, it was almost preposterous. "I think the effort is overstated," he says, in contrast to other producers of his that have gone relatively ignored. "I understand how Viedoties might have been what the doctor ordered for the dance scene when it came out, and that some other stuff might have been less appreciably timed, but that's not important to me. It's still the record that covers, also not really talked at the time, especially because I was never in one or the other scene. I used to have real issues with Viedoties but now I've made my peace with it. I still don't like it personally and I don't really listen to it, but I don't think I think now as much about the label. I would it wasn't the greatest in my life and I wasn't able to do anything when I wanted, or should have done. What's a little bit sad is that you can only do something like that once, to make music properly in a style you have no clue about – not to care about details and just do what you feel like. And I wish I could have appreciated that a bit more."

He next outings as Luoma was even more ambitious, melding Viedoties's suggestive fragments into an embellished yet sensual album of swirling, incorporate jittery guitars and vocals through brilliant, intricate sequencing. There would be no making 2003's The Present Lower for a Chaos Reaction record. In place, it released almost like Prince. But the album, in retrospect, seems almost doomed – "a long and painful story" in Ripatti's words. Force Inc, among a crossover hit, launched the album to #863. The record went out to journalists

and began gathering buzz—but with the major label debutting at his heels, the album was never officially released in most territories outside Germany. Only in 2004 did it come out in America, on the mainstream Trance label Kscope, a strange fit at best. By that point, Steinfink's priorities had been sitting on the record for nearly a decade, intent to refrain from writing about it until the domestic release, and their interest had waned. Making matters even worse, Kscope went bankrupt only weeks after the release. "Looking back at it," says Ripett, "it was all meant to go wrong, for whatever reason."

Ripett's various classes seem to blur together, despite their ostensibly thematic separation. Vladimir Delaj is Ripett's experimental Ambient material. Luomo remains his outlet for House and midwest peak, and Utsukido is reserved for main preserves, often selected work. Listening to Vladimir Delaj's 2004 album *The Four Quarters*, it's possible to hear the most melodic elements of Luomo transmuted into an ethereal Ambient style. He revels in basslines and chord progressions, favoring dub reggae's plugging fifth, on track after track. Indeed, it's as easy to group his albums by the technology he was using in a given period, across all his aliases, as by the names they're released under.

One surprising note is that only with the period producing *Utsukido* (1998–2000) did Ripett begin working on a computer, prior to that, all of his work had been handwritten, and often recorded live. Also of note is that despite his longtime affiliation with Force Inc. and Mike Matsui—a label deeply linked to the "glitch" phenomenon of the turn of the millennium—and despite the sound of his more vaporous work, Ripett has never used granular synthesis as his work. "I've always liked the warm, fuzzy sound of analog," he says. "I've been using Logic for many years and their stuff is—it's really one tiny plug-in or virtual synth. It's all hardware and always has been."

Since 2004, when he moved to Houston with Vladimir Delaj's *Devilish Cuts EP*, the blurring of his identities has increased. Utsukido remains Ripett's most straightforwardly dance-oriented project, but it still borrows its supple melodies from Delaj and Luomo's more loopy moments, and something of Luomo's attitude emanates Delaj if only in slow motion.

"For better or worse I repeat the things I like," he admits, "even though I try to push myself into new directions. Some things stick, you stick to them, they stick to you." But he insists that maintaining distinct identities requires a division of creative labour.

"I don't make, say, Vladimir Delaj and Luomo tracks on the same day or in the same week or even the same month," he says. "They're different

projects. I enjoy the idea of being a producer, and I really make music by producing a concept. Like many different kinds of music, but I never really interested in mixing everything up. I would rather keep certain styles separate. And I found that it's not easy not everybody is so open-minded. Many people who like the Delaj stuff don't like House music or don't like pop music, and vice versa. Many people who like Luomo don't know that Delaj exists. So for that reason I find it more interesting not to go against the grain, I don't want to make a big deal out of me making different kinds of music."

One thing is for sure: Over the years, Ripett has been working (between more prescriptive, especially as Utsukido. The forthcoming Luomo record, currently in production, should be his most extravagant yet, featuring collaborations with Apparat, Robert Owens and at least one genuine indie star whose identity Ripett requests remain secret for the time being. "I would like to make pop music," he says, adding that the forthcoming *AGF Delaj* record will also veer more in a pop direction, but also influenced by the fact that "a lot of Sonic Youth has been playing at home—they're a little more power and anger." The more serious Ripett becomes in his creativity, the more his tastes demonstrated to return to the comparatively social world of club music.

"I've been getting more interested in the groove and the club stuff in swing," he says. "I'm not a DJ and I'm not a very about club music," he admits. "But all the time I've been trying to avoid making things too groovy, or too straight, or whatever. Maybe I want to see, can I let it go? How far can I let it go? Can I make it really groovy, and how do I feel about it? Often when I make music, I'll say, 'This, this is really strong, but this is too.' I've been getting lots of good stuff away from with the Utsukido. For somehow this, but I want to push myself in the direction where I stop restricting myself." His sure to live percussion, both in the studio and on stage, is facilitating that liberation.

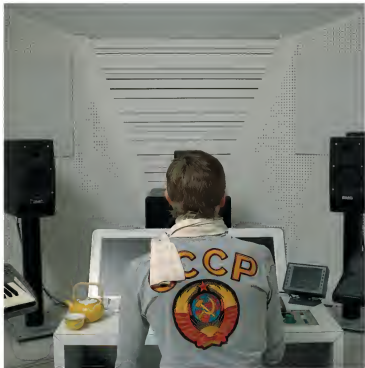
"I've been starting to play drums more, and somehow the focus is more on the rhythm now. Manuel Techno is trendy, brain, and I don't wanna go there. I guess it's already passed anyway, but there's still something to it, just in that mentality of the groove and what you put on top of it. I always tend to just make, of things together, my music is pretty packed. So it's like to try to see what I can do if I just pick out the most interesting things. So far I've never succeeded. Utsukido is not minimal in any way. At least I will do it for fun, to see what comes out of it. It's just another aspect of making music. But still, what I've been having in clubs, somehow it sounds

quite generic. There is something like a 'mainstream sound' that everybody knows now. Maybe it's the beginning of its end."

"I'm not too crazy about making music for the DJ, really," he continues. "I really try to make music you can listen to on its own. I'm not a DJ who can mix the songs I make. But one day I'd like to make music that DJs can play in clubs. Maybe what brings me more toward this club thing is that I find a little bit amorphous sometimes, and I'd like to get a little more social. With club music there is the possibility to do that. I would like to see if I can make something I fully stand behind myself, but still have DJs play, or play it more live, without people feeling weird about it. When I made the first few records, I came across Hardware, and I ordered one of vinyl—all the early Chain Reaction. Profan. Concept and it was very exciting. And then it somehow ended. It started to get more boring. But before I got boring I was quite interesting, very experimental music. I thought, What if we can do this, I was really quite strong stuff. There is something there I still hold in my mind. I would like to revisit. Studio 1 and all that... its quite minimal and a little bit drugs and stuff, and some part of me really likes that. And some part of me is really frustrated that some of that is happening any more."

It's intriguing that the moment that Ripett chooses to return to the clubs is precisely the moment that club music feels somehow in crisis, gutted by its amorphous product but short on real innovation—or, more precisely, short on the DJs with the guts to play the real out-there shit, and shorter still on club bitches with the stomach for it. Given the way Ripett has, time and again, infiltrated a genre from its more private hinterlands and forced it to evolve, the contributions he could bring to club music at its most avant-garde—there at the intersection of psychedelia and functionalism—are beyond fantasizing, especially given his music's unique enveloping rapture. Across all his aliases, Ripett's music brings in a strange balance: For all the warmth of his textures, harmonically it's antiseptic at best, laughing hours off of unrelenting chord changes that stretch on towards the horizon.

Ripett's is the observation: "There have been a lot of things that inspire me. When there's a musician, that's kind of over, so? So I would rather dance and dance and dance and dance, and not get to the point, ever?" □ Utsukido's Kuchukiniki, Vladimir Delaj's *Whistleblower* and a re-release of *Arline* are out now on *Mo'Nasty*. www.mo-nasty.com



Soundcheck

This month's selected CDs and vinyl



▲ Aphex Twin, Aphex Twin & Rob Brown: *Unfold* (Warp)

Aphex Twin *Unfold* (Warp)

Aphex Twin's reputation for singularly intense electronics precedes them. No other aliases of Winsa Artificial Intelligence Affiliates—not even Aphex Twin, who's sustained a reputation of such rarified experimentation. The working methods of Aphex Twin's Jesse Booth and Rob Brown are closely guarded, but their music's burning textures and structures suggest carefully tweaked software and gleaming stored libraries, with both elements subject to some unseen forces of chance and chaos. Their reputation for sonic extremity can be somewhat overstated; their music also functions as a supremely focused, crowd-mover-in-live-situations, and sticky shades of Old School electro are still visible through the cracks of their constructions. For the past few years, though, the only thing predictable about this music has been its ever evolving evolution.

By the time of the duo's sixth album, 2005's extraordinary *Unfold*, experimenting their waveform like music seemed like observing, with a mixture of awe and bewilderment, the complex choreography of a robot factory. "You can almost follow it, because it works at the same pace your brain works," suggested Booth in 1997. It engages, but it can also overwhelm; their often lengthy tracks develop the duo's ideas seemingly unto infinity, as if processes have been set in motion which cannot be stopped. As it's always with a certain sense of unpredictability that one listens to a new Aphex Twin work for the first time. This cognitive workout can feel like a puzzle; it can even feel like an invasion, an alienating experience. 2003's *Dead 200* erupted with metallic textures that threatened to take over the music; a process akin to the slowly ingested protagonist of Shinya Tsukamoto's *Tissue*. The new *Mao Uncut* (2005) was sharper and more piercing, with enveloping melodies of head-biting beats. The album's textures, with their minimalist sparkle and the solitary rise "Reckless/In protest art," provide a quiet class as to the exact mood of the music with it. The one new thing about Aphex Twin's music seems to be its all-consuming volatility.

Guaranteeing success even this definition. Straight away it seems that the music does not invade your

cognitive space, but hangs in the listening round, waiting for you to engage with it. The listening track is an unashamedly lush electronic feast that feels almost nostalgic, and the 26 tracks here—at least double that of many Aphex Twin albums—pursue a less mechanical rigor than of recent years. Instead, they reveal gently effusive and a subtle, often spent, anything you of solo silence. The sometimes elements of the tracks arrive in condensed, impressionistic waves rather than through cascading, process-based engineering.

"*Unfold*" is a case in point, beginning with looping, reversed and angular melodies which steadily take shape. It feels almost like it is undergoing some cosmic rears, slipping back into existence rather than being built in a cold laboratory. The best tracks, of which there are many, often have a keen sense of the form as the opening track's twisted strings recall Carl Craig of *The Black Dog*. The album's driving two tracks, with their unresolved minor key and emotional passages, recall the invader zones of Aphex Twin's *Selected Ambient Works Vol. 2*. The best tracks are sometimes muted, giving the impression of once familiar zones now faded and restored with age. Throughout, the motion of the music feels distinctly liquid, suggesting chemical processes like developing a photograph (in the traditional way), rather than the usual studio graft of sculpting a rhythm track. Even the album title suggests the suspended fluid textures of the music, with its fused syllables and phonetic taste of liquorice.

Looking back, there are clues to the elusive grace of Guernsey on the preceding *Unfold*. While its abrasive textures comfortably shake it as one of Aphex Twin's more intense albums, the way its rhythmic punch in and out, like a club regenerator working the factors, brought a human immediacy back to the work.

Guernsey's rhythmic tracks have a similarly hands-on feel. It took and Brown might share the background in electro, but there are distinct touches of Aphex Twin, perhaps the most unfashionable of all dance genres. Now understanding Aphex's propensity for heavy, futuristic synth-wave tweaking, it's probably the most tactile of electronic music, and its glacial, filtered basslines bubble away

With its 20 short tracks and Acid flashbacks, Aphex Twin's ninth 'cognitive workout' progresses by consolidating the duo's earlier breakthroughs. By Derek Walmsley

throughout the album. "Tankless" sounds like a Red Bull. Newlin track played in a huge basement track 14, whose name is a string of numbers, similarly pairs decaying echoes with Acidic attack.

For a duo who previously have been all but impossible to penetrate, Guernsey somehow manages to reveal a still more elusive side to their music. Probably, the one thing predictable about Aphex Twin has been their total devotion to push forward, constantly tinkering with their music like invention never able to leave their compositions in a finished state. With the more chaotic outcomes of their previous two albums, the constant, moment-to-moment unpredictability of the music had a price, namely the correspondingly predictable pronouncedness of the end product. With *Unfold*, this music quality is contained.

Actually, this new album has less of the sheer sonic beauty than we've become accustomed to. But if the will to create has been slightly tempered, that has opened up new areas for exploration. There's a less linear logic at work; many of Guernsey's short tracks feel like perfectly formed miniatures, elegant melodies. Often, the oblique melodies reveal the sophisticated improvisational structures of genius.

That Aphex Twin can still manage to spring a surprise after more than 15 years of work is a testament to the duo's talent. For all its high-quality production, the current world of electronic music can tend towards the predictable, with narrowing ranges of tempos and burgeoning misanthropy. Techno and abstract electronics have their own established international networks (communities) and clubs. For the former, its projects for the latter, both delivering high-quality but generally focused music for demanding customers. In this context, Aphex Twin's natural brilliance makes their a case to be celebrated.

At times, their music almost feels reflective, patiently waiting for some of electronic music's best moments. For a group whose previous albums have signalled a relentless drive to single-handedly push electronics forward, the idea that Aphex Twin are now taking stock and surveying the terrain they've stepped out suggests their best work might well be yet to come. □

COUNTDOWN THE WEEK AT



Fusing the teachings of Pandit Pran Nath with those of a Scottish bagpipe major, the 'third ear' music of Yoshi Wada is one of the few products of the Fluxus movement that still resonates today. By Dan Warburton

Yoshi Wada

Lament For The Rise And Fall Of The Elephantine Crocodile

ON MEDIA POST 68

The Indie Navigator label is best known for landmark releases of 70s free jazz by the likes of David Murray, Anthony Davis and Chico Freeman, but in the early 80s it briefly broadened its scope to include live-wire documents of hardcore minimalism. Among Denny Jaarsma's *Excelsior* Tom Johnson's *Nine Belts*, Phil Niblock's *Noises To Look At Just A Record* and *Wollock For Cells*, and Yoshi Wada's *Lament For The Rise And Fall Of The Elephantine Crocodile*. The *Wollock* and the *Excelsior* have re-emerged as the MIT two years (the latter as part of 2005's *Young Person's Guide To Phil Niblock*), and while we might have to wait for an authoritative release of *Nine Belts*, we can now rejoice at the resurrection of Wada's *Lament For The Rise And Fall Of The Elephantine Crocodile*. Lovingly transferred from its two-track master and reissued to its original length, it comes complete with a 35-page CD insert featuring archive photographs and biographical information in English and Japanese, and, in the interests of authenticity, one supposes, the rather drab original 1982 cover artwork.

Wada/Wade was born in Kyoto in 1949, and moved to New York in 1967 just in time to ride a happy, happy wave of counterculture up the road to Woodstock and down the street to La MaMa Young and Marlon Zappa's Church Street 131, where the all-enveloping new-orbited al'Young and Zappa's Dream House was his 'finty time music and sound. I was very impressed that it never sleeps' Wada became an enthusiastic participant in various Fluxus-related activities, and like many other Young alumni, studied North Indian classical singing with the New York's avant garde resident guru Pandit Pran Nath.

He was quick to recognise the bagpipes as a suitable instrument for exploring loop duration, stable pitch drones, and studied the instrument with a Scottish bagpipe major, James McIntosh. Another

key influence was Harry Partch, from the mid-70s onwards Wada began experimenting with self-made acoustic instruments. These included various 'tootsy baw' - siphon-like instruments made from long metal pipes - as well as reed instruments involving multiple bagpipe chanters with reeds such as the Elephantine Crocodile and the *Alligator*, built to confront the problem of the bagpipes' inherent pitch instability by connecting the pipes to a large air compressor. Both are used on *Lament*.

Recorded in an empty swimming pool on 25 November 1981, the album consists of two tracks each just over half an hour in length, here entitled 'Singing' and 'Bagpipe'. The first track deals exploring the resonant oscillations of the space with voice alone, progressing upwards from a slow fundamental C sharp, exploiting each of its upper partials one at a time as the volume and intensity increases. In 'Singing' Wada rings out a clear acoustic picture of the architecture of the space, before his song as to its as ourselves in 'Bagpipes'. Here Phil Niblock's oft-repeated grumble 'It's not loud enough' has never been more appropriate. The only way to fully appreciate 'Bagpipes' is to play it at truly breathless volume, well, 'Singing' poses itself to the unobtainable, as an enthusiastic reviewer once suggested, but moving around the listening space and in negotiating the nuances of combination tones and sound shadows that emerge with each tiny movement of the head. Despite the its undeniable power of his self-made instruments Wada's voice is still able to pick out rhythmic overtones and ride them high above the wall of sound to thrilling effect.

Wada, along with La MaMa Young, Philip Corner and Robt Oso, is one of only a handful of musicians who came out of Fluxus with something that's as good as lasting in as it is needed about. One wonders that if *Lament* had been released with Young's name on it, it might have become as famous as his legendary *Green House 78 17* (another reminder that a correct and authoritative release of Young's own extensive archive of recordings is long overdue).

But there are a number of significant differences between Wada's approach and Young's. In 'Singing' Wada doesn't restrict himself necessarily to using the series of overtones but also adds passing tones, creating simple melodic lines closer in contour to Gregorian chant than the later late medieval that characterised Young and Zappa's vocals on '73 173 538' - 6:14 53PM NYC' on *Green House*, which clearly point to the influence of Pran Nath's teaching.

Also, unlike Young and his capful notes that accompany his *With Tuned Friends*, Wada doesn't go into detail regarding his precise choice of frequencies. It leaves the somewhat uncomfortable issue of voice judgement given that just about any tone or combination of tones, if played long and loud enough, can constitute a listening experience of richness and interest, what makes a particular combination of frequencies more surely rewarding? Or put another way, what makes one drone 'better' than another? As much of Wada's work is concerned with what Maryanne Amacher calls 'Third Ear' music, setting up vibrations in the inner ear of the individual listener, there's no straightforward answer to this.

As most of Wada's work, like Amacher's, has been in the form of site-specific installations, it also prompts the question as to whether sound art should be released in album form at all. Can something as stringent as *Lament For The Rise And Fall Of Elephantine Crocodile* in 1980s in the mid-80s using 'acoustic field' air horns designed to signal maritime emergencies, be successfully transferred to the CD medium? Or as nothing as involved as The *Associated Clouds*, which calls for a 30-foot long hanging metal bar, encased within a seven-gallon pipe and no fewer than 66 signal pipes, especially considering its interactive nature? (Invited to Art Electronics in 1988 were invited to create their own version of the work using a specially printed computer program.) As The *Associated Clouds* is one of several Wada projects dated for release in 2008, I for one look forward to finding out. □

COUNTING THE WOODS ARE

Size Matters

Non-standard formats, sifted and sampled

Alt. Minors/Misc. Bands *January 1988, 20*
 102.1.7 21 21 **David** New York crowd compares
 in collaboration with Lancelotti member of
 the string quiverage. Broken into six little
 nuggets, the tracks have a surprising breadth
 including full plunges into a state-banned vocal
 frog rock apocrypha bubble that is really quite
 unobscured.

Alan Of Pines *He's This Close* (Shred) is his current 7. This is the solo project of Swedish rapper/funk/indie musician Gustafsson, who has been mighty public over the last few years, although not on vinyl. Not sure if this is his first vinyl release, but it's a good one.

negotiations are in subterranean abodes the singer playing up to his bid I chose 20 steps and it sounds great at that. There is a basic background consisting of two endless layers of drums and grumbles and loud gushes of steam are thrown in every 4 or 8 bars random patterns. They do move in frequency, but the only parts of the A side, where they're much more cut'n'paste, have a slightly under-the-hill/nerdy more monolithic construction that later became still. This disc shows them from microphone to mic and keeps a bit of difference going in terms of time and space. It's always hard to replace just why one record is better than another, but this is a fairly strong one.

[illegible]

Outbreaks of Aids in The Year Of The World
 ...and Dr. Bechtler is one of several specialized experts used by Kenneth Haines, a public-relations spokesman from Norway, who based in the Czech Republic. There are few trucks here. The first is constructed around grunting machines: clanking on their own exhaust. The second moves around a dark and hollowing foghorn series, emission is a somewhat gurgled foghorn. The third is composed of various sounding percussions, as loud as reports of synthetic percussion, every Subliminal. The fourth and final are could almost be a spraygun into a few early 70s song, being slowly covered by filtered of darkness, featuring, like Dr. The Pillen. In all, a spray mix of stuff, but pretty damn sweet throughout.

French Audio Novels are 12 short pieces by Italian composer Adriano Zanzi on a CD and because of the name, I assumed they'd be water based, but they actually were

noise-like pure electronics. Whereas the source might be those sounds as far removed from their, the process are intensely layered without being particularly loud or harsh, and their brief length allows a listener to concentrate on them in a way that is tougher with longer sound chunks. My favorite is the third piece, which sounds like a trawler on the trajectory of a toy xylophone being overlaid by some very large animal. And who knows? Maybe that was the source.

AGENCY: **Message: Distributions/Blacks**

[illegible]

Scorebook/Good Ol' Foss SPINELACK took notes on 1970's English experimentalists here. Spinelack is a former member of Contrabasso, and his piece involves a watery sounding sequence, slowly weaving layback parts and matching them. Very low-key and atmospheric, although I must admit, the water sounds rough. Good Ol' Foss is Bowen Foss, and I had thought this would be more something, but it's actually an equally quiet and captivating collection of chimey sequences and loops that draws you fairly deep into the mix. **Worst: Good**

Tomb Raider Tomb Raider/Lara Croft: Wendy Rogers, a 2002 solo winner by Jan Austerman, best known as the leader of Federal-level Kentucky 911ers. We got some love on a couple of toasts, but mostly she is just on her laurels, driving pickup-truck gifts of largely unimpressive whistles, which leave a certain relationship to her work inside the motherboard, but rather as overall best that is clearly a muddled skeleton thus to a scarecrow. When he did this still live a couple of years ago if seemed much more electronic and exotic, so maybe this is just a goldenrod period through which he isotope played. If even if that just is more historical disease, this sounds very sharp — gently bearded and female, very.

Generalized Tonicic Limb Jerk Test
Morning/Evening Diurnal Rhythm 4/96 1-00
First continuous release in a whole from this

takes sound into "nature." This piece is based on field recordings made on a mountain in Italy, but the results are the purest sonic space available for which I could be known. The texture has a wonderful feel—something like the most electronically compressed of the old school Greenock mix tapes, playing for kids in the great outdoors.

Two Sheds/Seven Sides *Spinnin' 0057*
PLAYLIST 7 A couple of miles in Davis wastes playing together but under different leadership for each track, producing a split single that's actually more like a concept of bittersweet than actual bittersweet itself. But the results are intended as their own gift to you. A warm slice up the Two Sheds way, a slide is also the Davis Seven track, and I remembered the late-day jam bands I heard once on a cassette which I believe originated in Davis. Guiltless. Little 'n' rock, with several words of welcome. **GRADE: B+LY**

[illegible][illegible]

chances of the pop song. Hearing Webbots work in this song-oriented context underlines the unacceptability of these strange sounds. The release is the second in a recent series from Touch, which draws attention to the song, visual and tactile qualities of PCs—qualities which the digital-dominated context exploits.

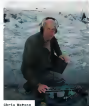


Figure 1

James Vanderveelde & Hedges Taylor/et al.
Housing and the Family. 2nd ed.

[illegible]

Hydrogobius is a together sweeter, a slightly 20 minute dose of wistfully unending Andean music which grows with unforced and imperceptible grace through several equally gentle phases. Analogous shades and long held, harmonically sumptuous chords reveal a totally organic aliveness in the depths of the mix, and Greg Gimes and Anne Brinker provide arid color and subtle pinks. It's a story of unassuming beauty.

CHERI GAAP

GO THE WINE SEARCHING

The Boomerang

New reissues: rated on the rebound

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The bonus interview tracks include an interview with and from Michael O. Rasmussen are informative enough that the present student pays with Steven Seidenfeld's — goes to both Alice Calhoun and John Falvey — is one fascinating readout! But for the most part such filler prices into insignificance when compared to the music. *Strenuously* added to 99 up the free download of a CD: the sound of Green's voice (just his piano playing) unfortunately ends up being one of the most beautiful a musician has.

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JAUME JOU *was in Above Our Heads*
The Sky Spits Open *was in* The Little
Death Of Getting So *was in* Zulu *was a*
transitional poetic language invented by
Russon Fabre *was in* 181 years ago
More recently it has been the name of an
impressionist novel created by British diarist

James Hinton was one of the first designers. The Federal 230MII developed a simpler language and is considered to add new words, names to names beyond architectural names and geometrical structures into a higher order of economic terms. Hinton 230MII seems to be aiming for something comparable in usage: listing things and ideas, apart from recombining existing ideas into new ones in a language of their own that remains rooted at other sources, yet works clearly only at the end of the 1930s. Hinton took up modernity in the engine room of Florida Sea, a five part book published north point, and also appears that motivated to be both accessible and also in using 230MII is a second order than that being

In the June 202 Brian Morton dedicated ZAMM's limited-edition, *I Hope You Never Forget Anything As Much As I Hope You to be "quite simply the best British improved record in more than a decade"*. A huge and non-negotiable commitment, so it's good to be able to examine the Secretary through these three promptly released and re-mastered cassette editions. All three is featured in less performance – two in a Basement gallery, one at the Space in London, will display the group's approximate real-time appearance and flow, drive a mile only by the audience. Some place

There are a number of things that ZUMI can do and does better at than any other suggestion. As an example, I'll use *Terminator's* *Wetlands* Analogue, like that uploaded group, ZUMI doesn't prohibit two co-existing mixed language into abstract places and periods. Rather, it does combine stylistic and abstract elements yet leaves them intact, placing them in unexpected contexts, using them as metaphors but never ignoring too long in any one location. In this regard, ZUMI may also reveal that I'm not just a synthetist, using the State and Bushman's with less or highly pronounced soundworld. In the unbridled, unbridled hybrid sounds of Superlatives, accommodating elements of jazz, folk, western and electronic music with a diverse mode of tolerance.

A key component of the recently stable post-shooting ZUMW line-up is Colby Stevens, an electric violinist, often generating a spacy feel that comes imported from Kravitz's old band, *Arctic Monkeys*, especially when augmented with Adrian Newberry's guitar sampling. Gutteral Udo Dornemann's growls for the later sets are by Matthew Bellamy, as is his one-on-one battle with the more urgent, raw, spiky riffs as heunes that equally well. Diamond Keaton Winfield adds other colorations while exceptional Geoff Hearn has beautiful tone and pleasing that enigmatic most of the way through which empowers the band. With the exception of the Sept. 2, ZUMW pursue a curved trajectory through a mix of styles, a constant course. Not yet a full year into the band's existence, it's hard to say whether a higher order of consciousness, not, was the best description of members of the decade that they will be.

and imaginative music that deserves its best weekly listen.

[illegible]

Also Review: *Pup*, Rocco Chi Piffera, heard 12. Although essentially a House bar, with "Tup Fiction" Also Fawcett created perhaps the most iconic drum in bass track of them all. Despite its light beats and planks, synthesized brass, the track is defined by its collectively expressive bassline which seems to drift into your head and leave its report. The sheer randomness of "Tup Fiction" feels at times ever darker and more discolored than drum it bass, the lightly undulation of rags at it bass the rhythmic penguin Mphop of Mosh Dico.

28. **Exeter drum** in bass collapsed into a black hole of incoherence, disorienting defiance. **Acton Pk** "disintegrated" next, largely the most heavily criticized track drum in bass ever achieved. The glancing notes what sounds like rock escaping, it leads into highly dramatic orchestral notes that suggest some loose of 12 tone synthesis and breathless tension before hurtling forward into bass breakdown which seems to sting the pants. **Adam P**, the son of British jazz rocker **Alan Skidmore**, was hired to produce the heavy drum's bass of "Gardes", pointing the way forward towards the avant's more serious, dramatic future.

DEVELOPING INDUSTRY

SOUNDING THE WIDE 63

pommesl.com
myspace.com/pommesl
weirdags.com
tation.at
essler-norden.de

Electronica Reviewed by Rob Young

Roger Doyle
The Ninth Seat
DAE STREET CO.

John Walker's concise, compact *Philip Doyle* concerns his career (he is an agent, well-known to his devoted fans) as "a rising, somewhat idiosyncratic" agent, "making his way as the creator of a conceptual Tower of Babel." His *Memorial service*, referred to in previous editions of *Self* (which, contains the first eight years of his latest agent, and he has moved to the ambitious *De Staat* for the month Doyle's music describes) provides a new and, exciting in a long how that is his geological in agent. Even as his structures unfold, there is a great mountain and meadow (a strange in itself and even was the one. California. My Godfather's voice is in the most ideal of subtle statements that "second across sea, something broader whose very end appears to meet. Beyond shift

Geddy
Cruzner

This debut by Encoberes duo Juan Esat and Miguel Angel Mathias is as heavenly (singing on the real side of Autentico's Amber sound), the duo boys are going to be shining out the rest of the winter. Families hoping peard teens with forcing M&P music events and reggae melancholic tinsel scrubs, there does not seem any reason to buy this when the source is already limited there.

Filter Feeder Flourish Cycle

John Doyle, the Filter founder, takes sound sources as diverse as rain, microwaves, washing machines or the human voice and filters and layers them "until I have something that comes alive." On "The Siren Cycle," the sounds are thin, moody and minimal, but the pulsating line rhythms keep Doyle at an up-tempered pace. On "The Day Is a Negative Two-Rate Point," a pulsing, arched line of a snare-like sequenced drizzle is haltingly musically altered back. Doyle has an intuitive and expressive touch with his microphone explorations; however, always returning slightly to events themselves and landing an almost insistent warmth to the final mix.

DOYLE WILSON

Gesamtes
A1-D1
Seite 20/20

The style is probably already 30F by now, but the CD guitars scream tracks by the Skam called *we which may (or may not) of* say given moment audible either or both *Acoustic* matters. All out strike out of discrete tregenda from each other the worldwide great of "A.I." crops about like vintage A.I. of Noise (A.I. makes Acoustic whirly on the given of Chicago Harms), the leather robe risk of "ST" huffles towards a common key-note: when the case, outside also out of the

Time on sides was. And the order reflects shades of Chicago pillar Adams in the rhythm of the final "G". No great leap forward, but it's good to hear Ganss are still a gang.

Shirley Hyslop
OK, Bamboo
writing@wyoed.org

The tale of *Neuromancer* second edition is quite the shy of futurism in *Blade Runner's* 'Old Computer' mode; by contrast, it is much more comfortable and resuscitated in an desperate contemporary life. While not so much to obscure touches, such as the creeping loneliness of the life inside and the extreme feeling of "Society Day to Society," light always a little over the shoulder and accordingly, as the *Blade Runner* watched state of "Society," suggest. Acoustic instrument such as guitar and piano instrument is a lively sort of way with some electronic, it is more concerned of *The Blade Runner* the complex. The nature passed of an amphibious, hard in head machine between the proper and the other may be a fictional one but here, it's a little and rewarding fiction nonetheless.

DAVID LEE

Tim Hedden
Athlete
JOURNALIST 1991

his "hooked" word displays a fascination with letters that emerges on some 150 pages, but the *Atlas* uses IP addresses such as *comptelnet.net* as its most dramatic white-out. The two *comptelnet* names hear deaf through a blurring haze like a sperm capsule returning to earth. "Atlas One" *comptelnet.net* has a letter-to-be: it carries a blinding phosphorescent glow. "Atlas Two" sets up multiple values that eventually render a second slide to a "Gregorian" state. Hooked's second slide might be cinematic rather than analogical, but the results reach a similar white endgame: to be washed out, to be lost, to become in *Atlas* the lost modern Pigeon house of *Atlas*.

Manning/Novak
Pairings

It seems incredible that there are folks still prepared to go to the trouble of printing up copies of music like this. A diverse range depending on whether there's a wide range of notes on tracks of negatively slanted drums (though lacking the gut and snare of the other releases, that word seems oddly) produced when Marc Magnifico's electric or acoustic guitars were played into Dean Nevils' portable computer. There's nothing inherently refreshing about inventing guitar music with software in applications, at least not when it's done with such bloodless restraint as here. Things finally live up on the sixth and final track, but as for the rest, on the scale of ridiculousness it's up there with watching a test-tube baby.

Rael Meekop
S(zwischenfall)s
A&P, HONOLULU, HI

[illegible]

Raz Meskini's Bedawi
Unit Of Resistance

[illegible]Domenico Scialoja &
Lawrence English
Merola Shoulders

Lowrance's English's Room40 label find a good 2008, releasing a recombination from warty Ambient soundscapes to the rock groins of *Test Of Ought*. Here's English in duos with *Joakim Sjöberg* (Sweden) from 2003, in Palermo, the title alluding to local aquatic fauna *libano libano*. Memes of the four large lepto *Gastrophys* here, "Mammals Before You Go" (arrows most clearly under the skin). The smooth lagoon is rippled by sharp semiotics, huggo perennials, and bees rambles that bubble and burrow to capture the murice surface. As for the other three quarters of the disc, records like this — and there are scores of them in circulation — bring up memories of the Ambient world's without end of Pat Metheny's *Five Elements*.



SOUNDING THE WIDE GAY

SUNSHINE WITH THE WIDE SKY

The Inner Sleeve

Artwork selected this month by Damon & Naomi



Frank Sinatra
No One Cares
CAPITOL, 1955
DAMON & NAOMI

I had never paid much attention to Frank Sinatra, but last year Damon and I happened to hear a song on the radio, and something clicked — he clicked — and all of a sudden we felt he was ours.

The song is a duet with "Yanks That Run Dry." Damon and I connected the duet back to Sinatra's second record album until we found the same recording — a glorious feeling whatever coolness, chemistry we might have had (Sinatra's album was not a very big purchase). The track we had heard on the radio turned out to be Frankie Costello's album, *No One Cares*, with arrangements by Ben Jelen. And that cover — what a beauty! Reminding the self-pitying title was Frank Sinatra, telling Frank J. Costello himself, but in a soft, elegant, downy moment, sitting at his glass in the middle of a busy bar.

I had only known about the "sampl" side of Frank Sinatra, as it was a invitation to discover his irreducibly important, but I was also impressed by the embrace of the album art. The cover for *No One Cares* perfectly matched the songs themselves — "When No One Cares," as "I Don't Stand A Chances Of It."

Chances With You," or "I'll Never Be As Good As Dead." The song was had first he and which great this album. "Why, I should have loved those latter days."

During his Capitol years, "FS" has been in retirement in Monte Carlo's biography, Frank Sinatra. An American Capitol would make two songs: about a year — one of the best, and one of up tempo numbers. The Capitol set department certainly made it clear which was which: then, they used pre-Photoshop techniques to create in final party behind the newly FS, and to drive in a perfectly placed cigarette between his legs.

The cover was on display on our terrible all but year, as we obviously played the record over and over. We were in the process of making what we judged to be the dearest record of our career and we consciously challenged each other to take a step from Frank Sinatra — could we sing the duet? Could we make a record that said? What would FS do?

And now, as I write this, something else strikes me. The photograph I chose for our own album cover is a close up of a glass of cherry blossom in a glass on our kitchen window sill. I felt it told the album perfectly but I couldn't say why. It is a mother glass to stare at, while listening to melancholy music? **MARK NABE**



Sandy Denny
The North Star Grassman And The Ravens
JANUS, 1975
DAMON & NAOMI

When he always said I have a thing for my women. This night, when it comes to the type that Sandy Denny sings about in "Gray Lady Blues" on the North Star Grassman And The Ravens. The title of the album itself is a mad (Denny's) blues? Google it and you'll find theories, but no definite answers. About what she meant. But the open art explains it well enough to me. There is a table, at what looks to be an upstairs shop it only be a leaded glass window and light, pouring into the leaves. It's a portrait of a particular type of melancholy, one I have always associated with my own friends (and yes, my mother who is not a famous belly but who is a singer and drinks like non-stop). Sandy is a poet. And in her songs she sings about the clock that she's seen, as herself and in the world. We wonder how much she sings the lyrics.

Quentin Tarantino's, I suspect, shows his production on the record. (He also would one up on a duo with a song dressed with hysterical despair) In *The North Star Grassman And The Ravens*, he clearly looked (and) out for Sandy — his guitar is in constant dialogue with her voice

eloquently leaning off her melodies and playing. And the production, co-created to Thompson with Sandy and engineer John Wood, is far more a gold standard than folk rock. More polished than the early Fairport album, but less wrapped than later attempts at commercial success, the sound is balanced perfectly between respect and experience. We hear everything — the shadows are in just enough to give them — but the focus is where it should be, on the emotions conveyed by the songs.

Sandy Denny was one of the most beautiful, every singer of all, and here she is a number of her best — "Late November," "John the Gun," "Wee Wee Around," as well as the mysterious title track, which Mason says she understands perfectly. I know some Denny fans dismiss this record, finding it a misstep after her group. Fathering told apart and broke the band feeling as her solo career. But what I hear is related to what I saw in the cover: it's a focused moment of reflection, considering the future in light of the past.

For a year Mason and I listened at this album cover and Sinatra's *No One Cares* side by side. And watching the one and the other "Two women of irreducibly — a his and-hers set. **NAOMI KAWAKATSU**
Denny & Sinatra: *No One Cares* and *The Ravens* are out now on 2020/20



Belly wrap: Source Family's Freddie at the Father Yod's, Los Angeles

The Source: The Untold Story Of Father Yod, Ye Ho We 13 And The Source Family Isis Aquarian with Electrolux Aquarian

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIMMY K. SMITH

Jim Baker, born in 1922, was a 6'2" US Marine who excelled at military and jobs. On his first visit to Hollywood he auditioned for Terrell, a role for which photos show he clearly had the physique. Striding in Los Angeles, Baker started a health food restaurant, The Source, and acquired a reputation as a freelance operator—reported to have killed two men with his bare hands in self defense, and related a couple of banks to finance his restaurant. Patronized by Ringo Starr and other celebrities, The Source was a flourishing business, and the charismatic entrepreneur began leading yoga and meditation sessions, usually at 3 a.m. in the cat park. Young folks flocked, and before long Baker had a fully booked out and full-staffed cat park on his heels. Never having known his own father, he christened himself Father Yod, but later, making his name a recombination of Jesus, selected a version of Jehovah: Ye Ho We. With and Christian doctrine is exchange blended with

sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll as an established New Age mix. "Music was an old shi" wrote Electrolux Aquarian of his first experiences, "the greatest of young men. Abundant, but, despite what you'd see, some of the most exquisite women I had ever seen." All revolved around Father Yod and his 14 devoted women but several of the women's men were professional musicians, refugees from over-indulged and rock lives in search of peace. Just as a rock group was started, Ye Ho We 13. Money eagerly attended for opening as ice cream parlors used to purchase instruments, recording equipment and a whole lotta tapes, which looked great on LP covers, and it a burst of activity around 1970 new records were released, typically sold as The Source for a dollar each.

Although he sported his trademark with maximum eye talk, he had no musical experience. But when the group were established, he announced he was going on tour, lullabying individual voices, then this moment as they improved. "We no longer would be playing anything rehearsed," wrote drummer Oliver Aquarian. "Only spontaneous sound could penetrate all minds and be a vehicle for the release." Recording

was also spontaneous at the right moment, usually around dawn Yod would awaken the group into the music room and tape what occurred with no overdubs or edits.

In 1976 the restaurant was sold and the Source Family moved to Fresno. They were unknown and locals who had heard about Charles Manson threatened them at gunpoint. The members struggled to relocate in San Francisco, then returned to Fresno, convinced that nuclear war was imminent. But in 1979 Yod died on his first hang-gliding flight, an occasion as it happened as to arms suicide. The family dispersed the following year.

In this fascinating, story-based story, music is in the margin, but Ye Ho We 13's new psychobelia has been highly rated since Japanese label Crystal Ship compiled a 12-CD box set in 1986. Now, with the ambivalent endorsement of Deborah Benford, Gold Spirit Records are releasing the remarkable *Yod's Paradise*. Not to fret, the CD transcending the book is twice a couple of tracks show off model guitar grooves, and fast caplin the audience at a Beverly Hills high school before raising his ideal world, the complete tapestry of the music. The most revealing sound here is the female laughter that gurgles

around Yod's teaching voice: "Women are free," he chuckles to his adoring followers.

The lavishly illustrated book is written by Isis Aquarian (a member's name given new names and the same surname) but was the group's official architect, a job which Father Yod initially disapproved of, fearing her creative tapes into the trash. Later he relented, and his a record in the mid 1970s and reportedly more of a rock leader. Rather like the situation of military service, for many members no experience has come close in intensity since the family faded. Shaker contributions represent the views of other celebrants: some were lead members, others a case to disapprove of their leader as a "bumbling opportunist", in the words of Link Danks a thoughtful profile. These dissenting voices round out the portrait of Yod a "representative in being", and make it less unimpeachable. Though no one seems to have had a problem with the story itself.

Somewhat Yod's character, angelic and a give and his mission: technique based on creative freedom and the thoughts of commercial success were abandoned in a search for musical notions. CD: 12-CD.

On Screen

Thinking Outside the Box: Researcher 1992, and (c) (b) 2006



Thrashing Gristle
TGV: The Video Archive Of
Thrashing Gristle 1979-1991 And
2004-2005

INDUSTRIAL/WHITE 1-000

Two courageous women over QVE last April braved us to research *Thrashing*. *Thrash* is a long, the first five days – which opens the period 1293-97 and includes performances in Oxford, Sheffield, Manchester and San Francisco, together with the recording of *Thrashing* and *Thrash* in a short film *Thrashing* (in a film – document 10 of the end of this first part). The other four discs include the 2000 concert performances in London, Greater London and Tarr, plus the film of the Calverley College exhibition *Thrash*. Across all seven discs we see *Thrashing*. *Thrash*'s commitment to both declassification and mysticism. There is a sense of a contradiction, between the desire to produce a performance which embraces and their declassification. It is a sense of a

The 1970-81 material is altered "for the purposes of the historical record rather than as conventional 'concert footage'", and even when the sound and image quality is poor, as it often is – understandably, since it was shot on a single handheld video camera – it remains as a fascinating record of an era. And the group have done a tremendous remastering job to get the best of the VHS source material. The audio wraps and

Tabor Experiment
Tech Staff DVD: Video Manual
Of Electronic Music
1988-1991/1992 HBS-DVD-434

"When I was five years old I wanted an orthodontist for Christmas," writes George Samsoulides, aka Tebbe Experiment. Wondering who this DVD/book package might be aimed at, I thought of that eager toddler. Not that late in toddlerhood usually, but the ideal reader would be a young adult intrigued by electronic music and eager to get their hands dirty — like an alchemist, even. The

Interactive image manipulation – performed at Parsons Research, which would have been built by – are themselves aspects of a time when the production and effects of moving images was beginning to escape the exclusive control of TV and film companies. The interactive image manipulation of the deconstructed T-shirt and sunglasses in T&A often serves less performances even more indigestible, but the group repeat and exacerbate the greenness of the images by turning the colour neutral as the white moon up to resources. On some of the previous work, the group have been seen to use the same objects, such as sunglasses, put together by hand, making technology. Sometimes the sound is as poor, that crucial moments are left the version of "Bill Miller" on "Mentor" from a use of the most uninteresting. T&A produced an explanation of conditions of a moment of the group's work, which was a mix of the and the group, but the W&S sound captured time of One and One's dialogic dialogue.

It was TD's past as disseminator, despite not knowing that, that made this unique. There was a tendency to engage in polemics as well as resources rather than unambiguously as did P. Gerd's productivity of what quickly became a decision to integrate others - Chas. Moore, Cummings, Messeri. TD was less the "servant of the master" MP Nicholas Foulkes cast them as, more the inappreciable observers of the new profession.

after on the computer screen. So, as Italian and English, we get two versions. "Rock Stuff" features chapters about the theorists, the models, the MacGuffin, the IRCA/M studios, generative music and so on complemented by DVD by interviews with Jürgen Maehle and his Italian close associates (including a musical cut-up!) the Belgian inventor of the Steppenherb bank, and Finnish duo Fin Sonic. The second half is devoted to the Irish Rhythmic Discosystem. Released in his studio in August 2007 – surely his final time – it's a great mix of the two cultures.

[illegible]

Even TG's electronic anti-music had its popular cultural products, in the likes of the

BBC Radiophonic Workshop had to mention Pop/Rock. There is much on these discs to justify Simon Reynolds's claim, as Rip it Up And Start Again, that Throbbing Gristle were the second coming of psychedelia, but like with a paperknife that, subjected to post-punk acidity had long stopped of certainty. The footage shows us – and I mean this in an entirely positive way – how little the group did. They were less players of instruments than expressive engineers of anthropology inserting sounds into an FX matrix which founded sound from its relations.

The 2006 sets were dominated by new material, such as the Tangerine Nightmares live set, a symposium on "Spinning Sky" and "Merlot A Kiss," which successfully reconciles TS's earlier electronics with some of Gail and Peggy's TV/film work. But there is also an opportunity to hear live versions of some of the old tracks—including "Hamburger Lady," "What A Day" and "Persimmon"—with pristine sound recording. Unheard is an Dolby Surround Sound, these performances are tactile and infectious.

Of all the post punk comebacks, Throbbing Gristle is probably the most successful, but it's impossible to entirely dismiss the thought that, in taking up where they left off, they betrayed their pulp modernist commitment to constant mutation, and conceded something to the rhetorical needs of postmodernity.

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slimy-yet and inadequate transition while the DVD features an interesting campy voiceover. One example: the character is described as resembling "the exasperated howl of a cat on heat," and the inappropriate *Goosebumps* character a bad smell whenever the viewer trips a land mine. There's a shortage of audio examples they can't pronounce: composer/conductor Pierre Boulez and my women always will get the clear message that classical music is entirely a man's world.

—JAMES WATTS

On Site

Exhibitions, performance art, installations, etc

Russell Howell & Florian Hecker UPIC Diffusion Session 14 (For Corbin Wyn Evans)

WITL, CARDIFF

UNION, UK

Since 2002 Russell Howells and Florian Hecker have been researching the syntax and possibilities of James Newkiss's models of computer music. The most recent is a series of performances titled UPIC Diffusion Session 14 (For Corbin Wyn Evans) took place at Wyn Evans's White Cube exhibition Systems Of The Invisible. They used Newkiss's mid-1970s UPIC system, a program which depends entirely on hand-drawing the

parameters that will do for the sound (much like a sketch) than the 1970s had to draw 20 representations of their thinking).

The performance took place around the artist's large, spherical sculpture *Sketches: Not A Never Again* (c. The People Dance Again) (2005), a neon sculpture suspended in the middle of the gallery. The sound maker for the performance was generated by drawing a copy of Wyn Evans's original circles and other lines on the sculpture directly into UPIC. This in turn sculpted a live parallel logic to UPIC in that it is a three-dimensional manifestation of a sketch.

The performance took the form of a series of short movements, each lasting a couple of minutes before shifting onto the next 'new'. Rather than recording lengthy streams of notes, a notebook was instead a simple set of sounds that would rise or fall, or build to delineate an acoustic space. Each of these series was based on a sequence drawing—the visual equivalent of walking around the object and experiencing it as a series of daytime shapes that change through time and space.

These moves acted as perspectives on the sculpture highlighted how UPIC is not a three-dimensional tool in which representation is necessarily a false sense of space. The

connection between the new sculpture and the sound was absolute in that both were derived from the same sketch, but beyond this generic link it was also absolutely intangible.

It would be a mistake to try and form a link between what you saw and what you heard. The sound in as way described the new but was a material like a shadow that had a disturbing relationship to its source. Rather than use an sculpture as a metaphor for something, but also clearly conveyed patterns of attraction, disjunction and a struggle of shifting relationships that depended on the perspective from which they were perceived. **DAVID YOUNG**

Reuben 02 in collaboration with Corbin Wyn Evans



The Recording Room! In Singapore, on 1019

WITL, CARDIFF

UNION, UK

The Recording Room! In Singapore, on 1019, was by Polish filmmaker, architect and Ecological Court Dan Potoczny. Inevitably, creative efforts in that vast, distant world—wherein everyone equally to The Singapore Manuscript, the 1965 film adaptation made by Polish director Wojciech J. Has—then to opening scenes in war-torn 19th-century Spain. It dives into a dense thicket of empty stories involving Jewish mysticism, religious dichotomies, intense archaic, psychosexual entanglements and dangerously erotic encounters with supernatural women, all of which are nested within one another in a dizzying narrative labyrinth. The director films in black and white film—said to be at 35—so that each the least out of the film's decorative rhythms and crazy content. The real sex show at this spectacular event at London's BFI was material to its full 175-minute play time to the release of The Greatful Dead's

Jerry Herman, who's generally claimed this as his favorite show.

For this special event, looking at a month long run on the film, the specially carved recording Room! Ecological supplied a new soundtrack overlaying and augmenting the original, which was composed by Krzysztof Penderecki, who also added some a further cues made at the Experimental Studio in Warsaw. The Recording Room! presented the design but altered the script as their own. The group is aware of a strong regionalized sense of politics: Polish expert Zdzisław Karkowski and German Stephan Mathias on electronic. For some time and the Wisconsin supplying a range of vocalizations spanning from choral chorales to nightclub singing, and a string-like drone from the notes of Wendy's electronic. The director, who's the emergence of the alternative soundscapes based on the sculpture's sketch and Alexander Kallouss's collection of a ritual photographs and photographs, so which they open a striking, pungent view of some material from vintage film and become these. Ecological in electronic music



over the past decade, the sculpture's surface of old clay, which was recently fired for once in by David Lynch, whose latest project is a kind of new, but more not, project. Using similar techniques, Suzuki and Kallouss held pre-recorded musical notes and atmospheric sounds in a kind of sound field generated by the rest of the group—into and resolution of layered, recycled pieces.

Both novel and film are embedded by the electronic presence of Alexander Kallouss (Chapman's Cyprian, the Polish James Dean), a Captain in the Warsaw Desert whose journey to Madrid is pre-empted by the director's intervention. He continues to have him, but happy fantasies. He carries on, or comes through landscapes of various tools, including like the background of a Drouglet. He's the cinematography in reality, with a camera often drifting around the sets, adding to the sense of realism. Characters are manipulated by their own and others, or unexpected events, doors and windows open, unforeseen consequences, extreme new encounters, and the first of being imposed by agents of the Spanish Inquisition drive

Warden deeper and deeper into an underworld that can become righteous, or spend their own subject of tales at several moments from the training study. At one point, characters group around a drug table in a circle, eyes closed, the nature of someone, and all their hearts, to comprehend their own position within the modernizing apparatus of nature. "It's enough to drive you mad."

The dense electronic draws that formed the most of this live experiment in facta bend the film to its own rule class rhythm and creating different, contrasting between some changes from Penderecki's approach. Nevertheless, this was to improve experience, the musician kept a close watch on the film as individual writers and adhered to a tightly plotted line based on some French Marx's Spanish period, rather than the more reflective, realistic with a slacker strategy. This was probably the best of those kind of live recordings, events I've seen, and the group's rich, undulating, more would make a welcome alternative track on the BFI's forthcoming DVD. **DAVID YOUNG**

On Location

Live and kicking: festivals, concerts, events in the flesh

LMC 16th Annual Festival Of Experimental Music

COCHRANE THEATRE
LONDON UK

The best came last. The final performance on the final evening of this year's well-attended LMC Festival was an exceptional set by experimental John Gutache. Australian drummer Tony Clark and Vancouver electronic guitarist Burkhard Stangl. The two music had vitality and a sense of purpose. It took improvisatory risks, displayed individual virtuosity and collective electricity. It was genuinely raucous and it sounded really good. Such is a wonderfully oblique emergence reflexively striding to lecture and perceive before us his generous exuberance. Stangl's sketched or spluttering chords, partial serial and dramatic attack proved a graceful foil for Gutache's intensely inventiveness and cliché-free expression. When Stangl opted for a certain like-drum, Gutache felt at liberty to switch from concentrated torso flares to exultant exuberance that awakened up-front shades of John Coltrane. What this suggested? Well, it had JG, and so the sets don't even what that fare is a essentially inert, in opposition to radical forms, counterintuitive or seamless repetition.

By no means all the music he and as the case of this decade's emergence were experimental in that sense. Or in any sense. The Festival opened with an intriguing presentation by Bob Loomis, an artist from Hull who traded the rattle of three tin-tinables by playing music not only made with crystals but also pressed onto crystals. Conceptually innocent, this gray press had direct visceral impact. It reminded me of those 17th century



Shigeo Kato, COCHRANE & BULLY MUSIC

metaphysical poses that aim to stir the body while leaving the mind with a paradox. The evening's second half began with a comparatively soft release performance Japanese avant-garde virtuoso Yasuo Tera, several parts seemingly before his laptop, unfolded a shimmering digitalism, several times raised CDs. He evoked a new glow of radiant inside games and urban traffic noise. Anyone familiar with his recorded work got what they probably expected. I enjoyed it. It had the carefully visible sense of being dramatic, to have it not to watch.

In between, violinist Dagmar Stines, solo player Julia Cokland and double bassist Michael Dutt interpreted a piece composed especially for the occasion by Tokyo

Sugimoto. This too was predictable – a sparse array of slowly bowed and dully plucked notes that seemed much longer than it actually took to play. The performance was good, and a game with time seemed at that stage worldwide. Sugimoto's work was good, however, including this evening, without that strange conclusion. He used a gentle, facing stage left with a new bottle and glass to hand, he looked meditative, rang out a solitary harmonic, raised then sounded a single damped note. So a question: They may have been just the right notes, but the Cochrane Theatre is not a Zen garden. Time for Sugimoto to move on, just as some years ago Soguel Bockard moved on after arriving at the point of creating identity characteristics minimalist before.

Following through the second evening, following a fine, highly disciplined, tract and sustained duet between tuba player Fabian Hayward and trumpeter Mark Davis. Charming age Palestine decided to under a few bottles. In the course of his further ritual of sharing bottles with members of the audience, he launched the self-regarding sobriety of "experimental music" today got acclimated for the expensive time and spirit of downbeat protest he told a barely story about Martin Luther, again with some wine. He was "inspired" aesthetic and explained that he really needed a full concert rather than a disc. His current "potpourri" has he called it. Palestine then settled down to strumming the keys and demonstrated intently different scenarios before he had her backside. He played some uplifting sounds at the concert, especially when playing both instruments simultaneously. More would indeed have been welcome.

Part of all the bottle would spirit, but to my mind Palestine was right to cross the dividing line between stage and audience and engage in conversation. The LMC Festival has become rather static and formal and has exploded modernism something seemed not and barely. The least satisfying elements of



John Gutache

the festival for me were shrouded in near darkness. Video artist Gilly Rolie and Angeline Orsfield playing a huge outdoor built ensemble suggested potential interest but delivered a disappointing set with pedestrian vocals and electronics that often seemed haphazard. Loosely with anachronistic lyrics, like-gendered strings (Joss and Sam) Wolcott's homeward electronic worked hard at improvisation but were actually unimpressive well-tuned by ang him. Orsfield electronics power Norbert Moling architectural noise out of glass, electrical and imposing and very much as anticipated. I enjoyed more the lighter touch of sound artist Helena Gough's neatly composed – if overlong – laptop arrangements of environmental samples, and Steve Benford's far less exacting electronic input into a reliable improvising trio with drummer Mark Sanders and improviser Simon. A lot was played off this list is listed – but some much coming was arguably one too many for some of the music to develop adequately. Still, the best came last – a performance with no life in it.

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George Stines

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BALTIC Gateshead (Exhibition & Film
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Live Performance Friday 29 February
Chance must happen John Dugan
www.variousperformance.co.uk
will be touring the UK by special
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Acoustic machine music for the masses
www.autechre.co.uk

YOKOMONO
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Sunderland Museum & Winter
Gardens / Installation Friday 29
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Gardens and Museum
www.sunderlandmuseum.co.uk
www.wintergardens.co.uk
www.whisperingintheleaves.co.uk

RADIOPHONIA
feat. Dick Mills,
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Dena Countrymen,
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Hill Top The Stage Gateshead /
Saturday 3 March
Radio 5 Live Radiophonia concert - 10am
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Workshop see at 10.00am by music of
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www.l-m-c.org.uk
www.beaconsfield.tid.uk

29 February – 8 March 2008 inclusive

Resonance live from from mima, Middlesbrough
Middlesbrough's soundscape is transformed for ten days as Resonance FM comes to AVOS with a kaleidoscopic array of audio art. Broadcast strands include AV Encyclopaedia, an attempt to catch hold of the entire festival's wide-ranging themes; Radio Art Gallery, featuring classic radio art from all over the world; Radio Routes, with young people from Middlesbrough acting as roving radio reporters; and an exploration of live radio drama. Highlights include live versions of Antonin Artaud's *Pour en finir avec le jugement de Dieu*; and Orson Welles's *War of the Worlds*. Plus newly commissioned works, both written and improvised, in a heady mix of much much more.

www.resonancefm.com
www.visitmima.com/

Now!

Resonance FM's Bob & Roberta Smith's sculpture "Faîtes L'Art, pas La Guerre (Make Art, Not War)" is one of the new proposals to occupy the fourth plinth at Trafalgar Square. Bob has been spectacularly generous to Resonance over the last year, raising over £13,500 in donations for the station. We hope you will take this opportunity to applaud his vision by emailing the Plinth committee - public votes count! Details:
www.london.gov.uk/fourthplinth/plinth/smith.jsp

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www.edinburghfestival.com/powerplant/

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Out There

This month's selected festivals, live events and clubs.
Send info to The Wire, 23 Jack's Place, 6 Corbet Place, London E1 6NN, UK.
Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011. listings@thewire.co.uk. Compiled by Lisa Blanning



UK Festivals

NY Feedback

The UK's largest festival of electronic arts hosts Europe's first meeting of John Cage's *Music for 8 Channels* as well as Chris Watson's *endless*, *Whispering in The Jaws*, *Radiophonia* with Steve Duffy, Jean-Jacques Ferry and Broadbent, as Open Air Radio Rally, Standstill Sound System's, *Solomon* installation, performance by *Autobahn* and more. Newcastle, Ciderhead, Sunderland and Middlesbrough venues versus, *Intelligence* view 21 February-8 March, www.aefestival.co.uk

From The Company To The Store

An extensive festival opening this month and lasting throughout the year devoted to the work and impact of David Masson. February events include performances of *Two Cypriots* (Aur Dworkin) (2 February), *Turnstile-Symphony* (3), *Night Signposts for Libelous* (Mauri Cline) and more to well as workshops and talks. London South Bank Centre, 2 February-18 December, massonfestival.com, www.southbankcentre.co.uk

Abstract

UK experience! Music festival supported by The Who returns with the exploration of vintage Britain such as Energy-Birth-Score with Alan Silva, Incapacitants, David Kersley, Sabu Toyemba, Don Oetzel, Self Combustion with Rhonda Davis, Guster/Melting, Marc Suss, John Burt Foster, Les Patterson, Marginal Concept & Camp Mix, Youngs/Enema Jig (Fiddlersback) Tennessee Kidnappers, Kim Sim and Maxine Tach, Mindwonderer with Jemma Draper, Boris Malfer, Abnerd Windsor, Prayers/Spect with solo-specific performances around Glasgow by Richard Whelan, John Henson, David Constantine, John

Magnet Date: The Hakoda Staff 10 February.
 Sora, vancouver-burton@whoi.edu

Administrative Arrangements

The two labels present two nights focusing on traditional instrumentation and styles with James Blacklock, Mountains and Open Wreckshop (1 February), Tené Akoyame, Joseph Wazner and Gloria Farayth (2). New York Issue Project Room, 1-2 February, 8pm-8PM (www.issueprojectroom.com).

Key words: *Staphylococcus aureus*; *Staphylococcus epidermidis*; *Staphylococcus saprophyticus*; *Staphylococcus sciuri*; *Staphylococcus carnosus*; *Staphylococcus hyicus*; *Staphylococcus saprocyticus*; *Staphylococcus* spp.

Contemporary music festival the year celebrating all kinds and extreme traditions with composer in residence Merkitz

Spokenword performance at works by Mercedes, A World Defending: Tottenham and more Plus live music from Los Angeles

Reunited, Under the Stars, Von Staden, Nils, Mikael Sundvall, Stone with Michael Williams, Metal Punks & Sons Contaminated & Doo Metal

Musical Macroeconomics and more plus new sets, installations, discussions and seminars

Bergel various artists 20 February-1 March, www.bergel.co.uk

Conflict

FLAHERTY
Festival organized by the non-profit volunteer group of the same name with Andy Moss, David O. Keith, Rowe, Jean-Louis Costes, Neil Ashford, Frances Litchfield de Mota (Claire Bergman/Fabrice Favre)/Thomas Tilly, Phyllis (Julian) O'Shea, Zsófi Lőrincz, Will Gifford. Sites and more. Montas various venues, 10-11 February.
www.flaherty.com/ahm/ahm.html

Click. The same click.

The music will accompany Berlin's Sustainable Festival with a focus on electronic and digital music and related arts. With Frauke Henry, Muelcap, Martin Oswald, Michael, Christian Marlow & The

Kaufmann, Thomas Andersson, Goughsbow (Jan Jahnstadius), Peltier, Warren (Leichtmann), Idaga, Larry Howard and more
 Berlin various venues, 25 January-2 February, 2006
www.chibioscience.de

References

ITALY
Expansive Italian festival taking place during much of the year. February highlights include Gianni Gnanini's *Hellucination City Rome*.
Auditorium Parco della Musica, 28 February
www.auditorium.com/it/feb.htm

International Film Festival Rotterdam

THE NETHERLANDS
 Janis Joplin, *American* ex-girl artist Celine Dion
 Jans is the artist in focus for this year's event, with Meliers and Kapp Hems
 performing live soundtracks to his films (both
 separately and together). The film
 programme also includes: Jani Cohen's
Smile Like Me, Ron Spang, Robert Bino's short
 film *Windy All*, Stephen Black's *Africa*
Ude and more. Folklore versus movies
 to 3 February.

Cheng-Feng

Annual festival for new and classical music with a focus on Lisianski Dome as well as works by Terry Riley, Morton Feldman, John Cage and more plus installations and extended concerts, including a three-part concert exploring percussion and electronics. **Mikrotik vokalno veselo**, 2-17 February. mimozvono.com, www.mimozvono.com

DELLA SPINA

Annual event organised by the label of the same name with Seefe Pond, Marshall Allen & Paul Haslan - Silver Apples, Concrete Hole, Estraneo, Pink Heavens, Secret Machines, Up Tyme and more! Don't miss various versions of March
095 www.break.net

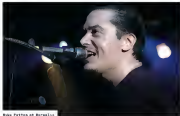
International Festivals

Activating The Medium

This season for this international showcase of sound art and experimental music with a performative edge. Daphne Karlowitz is co-artistic director. Jason Kahn, Ten-Catlin Freeman-Murray and Phil Niblock is Thomas Antonick, as well as a three lecture by Wilfrid. San Francisco various venues, 2 to 22-23 February. www.XBfm.org

August 2000 *Estuaries & Wetlands* Marine

Festival
SATUR
One day self-healing event featuring
transgressive sounds from Hippobates, Justice
Yiddies, Anthony Scotts, Southwind Apple,
Joel Stern, Tekkies Duplex, Kippel/
Deutsche, Breakdown, Soul Blood and



Hedra, Hedera, etc. Hedera L. var.



Anthony in 1987

Antelope

The Whiplash tour in support of new album *Demoniac*. Manchester Music Bar (29 February), Glasgow Art School (3 March), Newcastle Sights (5), Birmingham Mail Bar (9), unannounced London E2 warehouse (16)

My Friend

Solo tour for Euphoria members with support from Simon van Effen. Kensington Home (6 Round January), Bristol 21 Riverside Cafe (26), Brighton Red Rooster Cafe (30), Limerick The Holmes (27), London Warehouse (26)

Rebirth Live & Post Themes

Rebirth Live is a 19th-century poet and mystic. Jukeboxable items bring up the history of the songwriting to present day. London Magpie (29 January), Sheffield Red Bull Bar (30), Leeds Common Place (31)

John Peelers

Part of a 19th-century poet and mystic. The experimental items a lot of solo acts are including electronic. London Magpie (29 January), Sheffield Red Bull Bar (30), Leeds Common Place (31)

Club

Wep signed solo in a 19th-century poet. Glasgow Art School (1 February), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

John Peelers

Wep signed solo in a 19th-century poet. Glasgow Art School (1 February), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Kevin Drumm & Present

Kevin's prepared guitar and electronic music on tour with new artist. London Music Bar (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Forth & The Michael Bishop

A minimalist look at new proportions. Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Electronic Elements

Group composition with a digital instrument. Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Electronic

UK dates for French electronic pop performer. First Stage, Leeds Dismal (12), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Charles Hayward

Ex-Theatre dancer performs solo. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23)

Alan The Mighty Janglebees

Three self-proclaimed janglebees. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Public Kays & Cirk & The Poles

The janglebees playing live and master of the house. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Public Kays & Cirk & The Poles. The janglebees playing live and master of the house. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Stevens

Public Kays & Cirk & The Poles. The janglebees playing live and master of the house. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

My & The Golden Band

My & The Golden Band. The janglebees playing live and master of the house. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

My & The Golden Band. The janglebees playing live and master of the house. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Waves

Waves. The janglebees playing live and master of the house. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Present

Present. The janglebees playing live and master of the house. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Courtier, a programme featuring British, Irish, Scottish and more. Bristol 21 Riverside Cafe (29 January), Glasgow Art School (3 March), Newcastle Sights (5), Birmingham Mail Bar (9), unannounced London E2 warehouse (16)

John Peelers

John Peelers. The janglebees playing live and master of the house. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

SDM

SDM. The janglebees playing live and master of the house. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Sound

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Play Themes

Play Themes. The janglebees playing live and master of the house. London Fox & Pines (18 February, 23), Bristol Garage (29 January), London Garage Studios North (26), Edinburgh (26), Manchester Paradise Factory (30)

Sound

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Club Spaces

Reel Time

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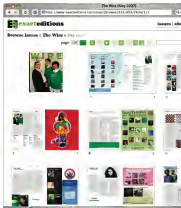
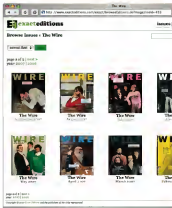
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Epiphanies

In flight from acting out a surrogate trumpet-playing career for his late grandfather, Nick Sylvester falls in, out and back in love with jazz



Tuckin' up: The trumpet. Born and bred by Freddie Hubbard

Biologically speaking, I put my lips on the mouthpiece of my brother's trumpet and blew the head to "Summertime," encountered some pathological neuro-signature in the process. That night, the last week of last year bedrives with hallucinations, phantasies and other neurodysfunctioning typical for the symptoms.

Comically speaking, I didn't play taps at Pop Gipsy's funeral and after three years in the dirt, the guy still held a grudge. Early in my trumpet career, probably before I even knew how to hold the thing and likely before I was even born, my father's father asked me to play the funeral bugle call when his time came. I was about ten; I still taught my parents about taking regular showers. I had just learned how to write in cursive. Music to me was Doris Dyer and, when my parents weren't looking, SAC Hammer. Also, and this is important considering this task, I did not know how to play trumpet. But my grandfather played, and for the next eight years he would prep me for what was more or less the big day.

Raymond Sylvester got a call a few from Charlie Barnet. It was in the middle of the night, Pop said, in the late 1940s. Barnet had a bag band. They were by all standards nice, not dreary like Glenn Miller's, up there with Sam's old Ellington's. His trumpet section was tops. Clark Terry played for Barnet, so did Maxine Ferguson, Roy Hargrove, Don Siverman and, as Slip sat up on his bed, phone up to ear and his wife knissed up beside him asking who the hell was calling so late— if Slip was available to tour, like, now— Slip Sylvester. "And I looked over to your grandmother, and looked at her stomach," he told me, "and I told him I couldn't do it. I couldn't leave my family."

The first time I heard that story I said, thank you. Thank you, because otherwise I would be alone. Then I heard him tell people the story over and over again—tuned him out. I learned himself backstage after a concert—and I learned his swivel story wasn't wholly a lie. There was not regret, a decision he lived with every day and that sits away at him sometimes when he looked at his kids and went to work to support them, as he hated himself ever for thinking about it much. He gave up on the blues for almost 28 years.

In time I became Pop's exercise in second chances, for anyone without pop. He paid for the best trumpet teacher in Philadelphia, drove me to my lessons, then at night taught me the dark arts: improvisation, pop lingo, like club entrance. My grandfather would hear me play "Blue in the Face" and yell at my grandfather attended, as if the guy was getting me stoned. These were the beginnings of what seemed a Clark Kent/Superman sort of career. By day I performed Hummel concerts, applying for admission to the Curtis Institute of Music; by night I played jazz and Top 40 with Jewish wedding bands while my high school friends drank Zima by the Schuylkill. I rubbed out on a lot. Contributed: *Female, OK Computer*, who knows what else— they all more! less, passed me by. Instead I had Cher Baker. Freddie Hubbard said some time middle-aged women drink at their sons' bar mitzvahs, demanding that we play Van Morrison's "Moondance."

The dentist told me he would not open my gums and excise the wisdom teeth, all four of them inspected, and then I would take a month to recover. Then I could play again. I was in the middle of my

senior year, with two or three gigs a weekend and medicine in front of my eye, as this was a tough decision. I was told that the possibility of nerve damage was very rare.

Obviously there was nerve damage. Hard control of my embouchure, and had trouble tuning. I readjusted my perfect mouthpiece posture to compensate for the lack of sensation, which affected my range and stamina. I couldn't play anymore and was too ashamed to tell my grandfather.

Pop learned what what happened over four years, after I had missed out music school and waited attended college. He convinced me to try it. We had very little to talk about anymore. I had developed an intense hatred of jazz in the meantime, and began to resent him too. I remember the first time I heard Miles Davis's *Live Evil*, a post-Miles Smiles record which is to say me that Pop thought was actually evil. Deafness defined my rapid consumption of rock and techno and experimental music, with Twisted Village my touch and The Who my trapeze map. I did everything I could to avoid jazz: to the point that it began to loom me and sometimes scared itself. It was not my music and I resented how fully I had fought it.

When Pop died, my brother Benjamin, who is nine years younger than me, played "Amazing Grace" during the funeral ceremony and taps at the burial. The performance was about what you'd expect from someone who just learned how to play the trumpet a day a year before—sour notes, bad phrasing, probably not how Pop envisioned things. I gave a eulogy at the reception. I heard Ben practicing up late over Christmas break, fumbling through an Eddie Harris piece called "Freedom Just Now." He had learned Pop's beautiful Bach *Ständchen* here but never had the courage. I went upstairs monthly to listen to that. I noticed the position of Ben's mouthpiece, off-center, all wrong. When Ben played high notes, he put massive pressure on his upper lip instead of his lower, and he tried quickly. I started giving him pointers on form, planned him few months of lessons. I hated my way through "Summertime," showed him how to fool with the melody. I hadn't picked up a horn in seven years and woke up took the morning after.

So anyway the class composition-type epiphany here was: I was doing the same thing to my brother as my grandfather had done to me. The end, I drink tea and sleep off my flu and didn't think too much about it. But then I was receiving a mental call at New Year. The radio was tuned to a New York jazz station, and I caught Oscar Peterson and Clark Terry jamming maracahally through "Blue in the Face," as old Dory attended. I would have turned it off, since Pop said always the hell out of me, but I didn't. On the way to my lesson: Pop and I listened to Jazz 68. The DJs played really straightforward jazz at that particular hour, sometimes snippets of Pop's all-time favorites, "Blue in the Face" among them. Pop's pop, as you will—yet for some reason he never remembered titles, artists or much of anything except that he loved them. "I forget all the names to those songs!" he would tell me, "but I still know how to play them." I realize now he wasn't just being defensive. □

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